

THE
NORTHERN
LASSE.

COMOEDIE.

As it hath beene often Acted with good
Applause, at the *Globe*, and *Black-Fryers*. By his
Majesties Servants.

Written by RICHARD BROME. K

Hic totus volo rideat Libellus. Mart.



LONDON:
Printed by AVG. MATHEVVE, and are to
be sold by NICHOLAS VAVASORE, dwelling
at the little South doore of *S. Pauls Church*.

THE
MISTRESS
The Persons in the Comedie.

Sir Phillip Lucklesse, Contracted to Mistresse Fitchow the
Citie Widdow.

Master Tridewell, Kinsman to Sir Phillip.

Sir Paul Squelch } Justices; Mistresse Fitchows friends.
Master Bulfinch }

Master Widgine a Cockney-Gentleman, Brother to Mi-
stresse Fitchow.

Anuile, a Braggart, Governour to Widgine.

Master Non-sence a Cornish Gentleman, Suitor to Con-
stance.

Pate, a witty Servingman to Sir Phillip.

Beauis, a blunt Servingman to Mistresse Traynwell.

Howdye, Mistresse Fitchows man and Gentleman Vsher.

Veixhem, a Constable.

Cleark to Sir Paul.

Masquers.

Mistresse Fitchow, the Citie Widdow.

Constance, the Northern Lasse.

Mistresse Fitchows other Governesse.

Con. Holman, a cunning Where.

Chambermaid to Mistresse Fitchow.

LONDON
Printed by A. W. at the Signe of the Gunne, in the Strand
at the little South door of St. Dunstons Church
betold by M. H. at the Signe of the Gunne, in the Strand



TO THE RIGHT WORTHY AND NO LESSE INDULGENT

cious then ingenious Gentleman

RICHARD HOLSFORD Esquire

SIR:

Rich Friends may send you rich Presents, while poore ones haue nothing but good wishes to present you. Though I bee one of the last ranke, and therefore cannot doe like the first, yet it is my ambition to bring more then bare wishes with me, to one of whom I haue receiued reall favours. A Countrey Lasse I present you, that *Mimerus*-like was a brayn-borne child; and *Iouially* begot, though now shee seekes her fortune. Shee came out of the cold North, thinly clad: But *Wit* had pittie on her; *Aëtion* apparrell'd her, and *Plaudits* clap'd her cheekes warme. Shee is honest, and modest, though she speake broad: And though *Art* neuer strung her tongue; yet once it yeelded a delightfull

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

found : which gain'd her many Lovers and Friends, by whose good liking she prosperously liued, vntill her late long Silence, and Discontinuance (to which shee was compell'd) gaue her iustly to feare their losse, and her owne decay. Wherefore shee, now, desirous to settle her selfe in some worthy seruice; And no way willing (like some of further breed) to returne from this Southern sunshine, back to her native Ayre, I thought it might become my care (having first brought and estrang'd her from her Countrey) to sue, with her, for Your noble Patronage; of Whom, shee heares, (if Flattery abuse her not) shee hath, heretofore, gotten some good opinion. Your loue to witty, and pleasant Recreations of this nature hath brought her on: And Northern Spirits will soone wax bold. If you be pleased to accept of her, shee will trauaile no further, but, together with my selfe, remaine

Euer at your seruice,

RICH BROME.

To

To my old Faithfull Seruant: and (by
his continu'd Vertue.) my louing Friend:
the Author of this Work, M. RICH. BROME.

I Had you for a Seruant, once, Dick Brome;
And you perform'd a Seruants faithfull parts:
Now, you are got into a nearer room,
Of Fellowship, preſſing my old Arts,
And you doe doe them well, with good applauſe,
Which you haue iuſtly gain'd from the Stage,
By obſervation of thoſe Comick Lawes
Which I, your Maſter, firſt did teach the Age.
You learn'd it well; and for it, ſerue your time
A Prentiſe-ſhip: Which ſerue doe now a dayes,
Now each Court-Hobby-horſe will wince in rime;
Both learned, and vnlearn'd, all wiſe Playes.
It was not ſo of old: Men took up trades
That knew the Crafts they had bin bred in, right:
An honeſt Bilbo-Smith would make good blades,
And the Phyſician teach men ſpee, or ſiſe;
The Cobler kept him to his nail; but, now
Hee'll be a Pilot, ſcarce can guide a Plough.

BEN. IONSON.

To his approued Friend M. RICHARD BROME
on his Northern Leſſe.

VV Ha! wilt thou proſtitute thy Miſtreſſe, (Friend)
And make ſo rich a Beauty common? What and
Doſt thou propoſe? Shee was thine own; but now
All will enioy her free: 'tis ſtrange thou ſhould
Caſt brooke ſo many Riddles in thy Tale,
Whoſe Wit and Beauty thou haſt ſeen ſurpaſſe.
I am ſure it; Thou haſt ſerued her, ſerued her well;
And ſear'd ſtill that Shee'd be loyally be embrac'd:
And now thou ſendeſt her to be ſorne, and ſee
If any be like ſure, like good as Shee.

F. T. Mag. Art. Oxon.

To his ingenious Brother M RICH. BROME,
vpon this witty iⁿue of his Brayne,
the Northern Lasse.

Although I call you by a Brothers name,
I must confesse (nor doe I feare the shame)
I am in love with your faire Daughter, this,
As faire condition' d as her Father is,
Well met abroad, blithe, bonny, Northern Lasse:
Thy naturall Beauties, others farre surpass
That are enrich'd with Fucusks of Art,
Thy Witty sweetnesse beares so faire a part.
Not a Good woman, nor a Girl worth Gold,
Nor twenty such (whose gaudy shewes take hold
Of gazing eyes) shall in acceptance thrive
With thee, whose quaintnesse is superlatiue.

Dick may be proud shee's Daughter to no other;
As I am proud that I haue such a Brother.

St. Br.

OF M^r. RICHARD BROME his ingenious
Comedy, the Northern Lasse,
To the Reader.

Poets and Paynters curiously compar'd
Giue life to Fancie; and atchieue Reward
By Immortality of Name: So shines
Art's Glory, that All, what is breathes on, lines,
Wiueesse this Northern Piece. The Court affords
No newer fashion, or for Wis, or Words.
The Body of the Plot is drawne so faire,
That the Soules language quickens, With fresh ayre,
This well limb'd Poem, by no Rate, or Thought
Too dearely pric'd, being or sold, or bought.

JOHN FORD
The Authors very Friend.

To

To my Sonne BROME and
his Lasse.

VV^hich, then of Both shall I commend?
Or Thee (that art my Sonne and Friend)
Or Her, by Thee begot? A Girl
Twice Worth the Cleopatrian Pearle.
No: 'tis not fit for Me to Grace
Thee, who art Mine; and so thy Face.

Yes? could say, the merriest Mayd
Among the Nine, for Thee him sayd
A Ghyrlond by; and liues to see
Pied Ideots teare the Daphnean Tree;
Putting their Eyes out with those Boughes
With which Shee bids me deck thy Browes.

But what I bring shall crowne thy Daughter
(My Grand child) who (though full of laughter)
Is Chast and wifely to the Time;
Not Lumpish Cold, as is her Clime.

Thus Lyre, Thy Northern Lasse
Whose proudest Beauties passe
With thy Bragges (her Mother)
Or (Dick) to such Answer.

THO. DEKKER.

knowne Friend M^r. R. BROME
on his Northern Lasse.

How may wrong thee, Friend; and, should I praise
Thy dooke, I should flay the wrathing Boye
That crownes thy Head. No, thou shalt haue
This Piece craves not a bribing Prayer to sell.
Here's Beauty, Wit, and Language in a Glasse.
Who would not haue a Copy of this Lasse?

F.T.

Prologus.

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vpon this witty i^{ue} of his Brayne,
the Northern Lasse.

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As faire condition'd as her Father is,
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With which Shee bids me duck thy Browes.

But what I bring shall crown thy Daughter
(My Grand child) who (though full of laughter)
Is Chast and Witty to the Time;

Not Lumpish Cold, as is her Clime;
By Phcebus Lyre, Thy Northern Lasse
Our Southern proudst Beauties passe;

Be Iouiall with thy Bragges (her Mother)
And helpe her (Dick) to such Another.

THO. DEKKER.

To his knowne Friend M. R. BROME
on his Northern Lasse.

M *Y Love may wrong thee, Friend; and should I praise*
Thy Goodnes, I should surely the Wretched Boye
That crownes thy Head, No, the same I should not praise;
This Piece craves not a bribing Prayer to sell.

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F. T.

Prologue.



Prologue.

GAllants, and Friends-Spectators, will yee see
A strayne of Wit that is not Poetrie?

I haue Authority for what I say:

For He himselfe sayes so, that Writ the Play,

Though, in the Muses Garden he can walke;

And choycest Flowers pluck from euery stalke

To deck the Stage; and purposeth, hereafter,

To take your Iudgements: now He implores your laughier;

Sayes He would see you merry; thinks it long

Since you were last delighted with a Song.

Your Bookes, he sayes, can shew you History;

And serious Passages better then Hee;

And that He should take paines in Art to show

What you already by your Studies know

Were a presumption. Tis a Modestie

Vn-us'd amongst Poets. This being onely Hee

That boasteth not his worth; and doth subscribe

Himselfe an under-servant in their Tribe,

Yet though he slight himselfe, We not despise,

By him, to shew you what is Good and Rare.

M



THE NORTHERN LASSE

Act. I. Sc. I.

Enter Sir Phillip Luckles, Tridewill.

Tri.

BVt I beseech you sir, Take me somewhat nearer your Councill. May I assure my selfe, that this report goes true; that you are on this treaty of Marriage with that Widow?

Luc Faith cosen, I take it as my fortune; and am fully bent on the aduenture.

Tri. Troth in my mind, you were better venture your selfe, and fortune to the *Bermudas*. Tis true, shee has a good estate: some nine thousand, I thinke: and were a apt match for one that knew how to governe it, and her; some hard bred Cittizen, crafty Lawyer, or countrey Justice. Not you, a tender Nurceling of the Court, altogether vnusuit with such nature or education, to cast your selfe vpon her, who for her yeares might be your Mother (they say: I neuer saw her) and has beene the Towne widow these three yeares, still conversant with Doctors, and Proctors of the civill Law; of which Tribe her husband was too. Never looke to bee the better for her Riches: Shee'll consume yours and you too; though your backe were *Flintstone*; and lay you in your graue, or in *Bedlam* (my life on't) before she dreame o' dying, though it be all that you can hope, or pray for, after Marriage.

B

Luc.

Luc. You speake fir out of some vnfortunate examples, and your extraordinary care of me. But truth is, all desolation comes too late; and all vrgings against it are now vncharitable: For wee are already Man and Wife.

Tri. What married?

Luc. Lustily promis'd fir. Absolutely contracted.

Tri. Send you ioy. Ile out of Towne.

Luc. I hope you'll see our Mariage. I sent indeed to bid you.

Tri. No, good fir *Phillip*, rather then I would be in sound of a Bell that should ring at it, I would haue my braines filipt out with the Clapper.

Luc. Nay good cosen: I intended you my principall Guest. Wee'll haue all very priuate: not about foure or five friends more.

Tri. Sir, I intend to bee none of your Mourners, which indeed my presence there would make mee; and so, perhaps, infect the rest. I leaue my best wishes to you, and will in-deanour to pray for you. Indeed I will.

Luc. Indeed this is very abrupt.

ACT I. SC. II.

Enter *Anvile*, *Widgins*.

An. Mr. *Tri-d-wal* well met. Why so fast fir, I took you for a Foot-post.

Tri. A Foot-post? Indeed your fine wit will post you into another world one of these dayes, if it take not the whipping post it's way. And why Foot-post, in your little wits apprehension?

An. Because you went so fast. But since you are angry, I would you were going twise as fast. If I interrupt you, hang me. Dece heare?

Tri. Nay, I know you are apt to decline any mans anger, good Captain *Anvile*: you haue beene beaten to't.

Wid. Why, if he haue, hee may thanke such as you are, that can endure no less.

Tri. What are you there too? Mr. *Widgins*, I take it?

Wid.

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Wid. My name is *Walter Widgins* sir, not to be denyed, the only brother here of *sir Phillip Luckysse* his betroch'd. She is a *Widgins* borne sir, and of the best family: Our Ancestors flew out of *Holland* in *Lincolshire* to prevent persecution.

Tri. From *Crowland*, I warrant you, a little before a Moulting time.

Wid. Like enough sir. My sister can tell you. Since, by marriage, shee was made a *Fitcham*: Her husband was *Fitcham* the civill Lawyer; Hee was call'd the great Cannonier of the civill Law: because he could discharge or make report of every Canon therein; Canon after Canon, or Canon vpon Canon at his fingers ends, as readily as I can tell these peeces.

Tri. A faire Demonstration?

Wid. He had many rare parts in him, besides sir, as my sister can tell you.

Tri. This fellow cannot chose but have a rare sister: Hee quotes her so!

Wid. But all the good I can speake of him is, that he left my sister rich; or at least a reasonable estate, halfe a score thousand pounds or so: which shee, with her selfe, bestowes vpon this honourable knight *sir Phillip Luckysse*, to bee a Lady of that name, and God gi' him joy. And for you: being his kinsman, I shall desire your neerer acquaintance.

Tri. In good time sir.

Wid. The match was not altogether her owne seeking sir, though she refus'd two Aldermen for him, on my owne knowledge.

Tri. Might shee have had hem both sir?

Wid. I and halfe a score Aldermens followers to boot: yet refus'd all for him.

Tri. Indeed sixe yokes of such cattell would plow vp all his acres in a forenoone.

Wid. My sister can tell you more sir.

Tri. Still shee is his Authority. I will see this woman. *Sir Phillip* here are Guests will applaud your match. Bid hem welcome. God say.

Wid. Not my part: I honour any Man, that marries my sister.

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sister. Sir *Phillip*, and my noble brother in expectation, I pray embrace my Governour, Captaine *Anvile*, here; and give him and me our gloues: you shall find him worthy your acquaintance. Hee has wit, I can tell you; and breakes as many good iests as all the VVits, Fits, and Fancies about the Towne, and has trained vp many young gentlemen, both here, and in diuers parts beyond the Seas. Hee was dry nurse (thats one of his owne iests vpon himselfe) to the English youth, a dozen yeares together beyond Sea: And now he is my Governour, and I find profit in it: you cannot thinke what an asse I was before I met with him: And I meane to trauell with him; two or three yeares hence, my selfe. In the meane time, he shall spend a hundred a yeare out of *Was Widgines* purse. Sha't I saith Governour, what aylest thou? art thou not right?

Anv. I shall find a time to right my selfe, I doubt not.

Luc. But will you trauell at these yeares Mr *Widgins*?

Wid. Will you not call me brother? Two dayes hence when you haue married my sister, you must. Must hee not, Governour?

Anv. Yes an't please him.

Wid. Hee ayles something.

Luc. VVell then, Brother two dayes hence, will you trauell?

Wid. I some two yeares hence, mistake me not. I know I am but young yet: besides I meane to marry first as other young heires doe. And then towry lowry, saith my noble Governour, and I! T will be braue going into *France* then: I may learne halfe their fashions before I goe, and bate so much, being taught at when I come there. VVhats the matter Governour? thou wert not wont to bee thus. Is thy money all gone? Heres fine peeces to buy pomps against my sisters wedding.

Anv. Haue I eyes and cares, and can thinke of trifling Money matters?

Wid. Pox on't I had forgot. That sciruy surly gentleman angered him ere while, and put him out of patience. How the hot some of his rage boyles out at his Mouth? If I durst

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goe so neere the heate of him I would skim the pot.

Ans. If I try not this *Tridwell*; put him to the dearest tryall of his life. —

Wid. I there tis, he will never come to himselfe till he beate, or bee beate.

Ans. Let me haue these knockd out; these puld off; these plucked out, and these sawd off.

Wid. I must venter on him. Nay Governour: pray thee consider. —

Ans. The time and place you meane. Thinke you hee durst haue done it, but in his kinsmans house; hee and the multitude of his seruants present.

Wid. I, and wee know not how many arm'd men in the next roome. Hearke Governour.

Luc. What things are these? I shall marry into a fine stocke! How vntimely some considerations fall into my mind; My Cosens counsell, which hath ever bene oraculously good; against which I violently beare my selfe, to mixe my blood amongst a race of fooles. Had but these thoughts bene mine but one day past, they had prevented all that may prove dangerous in this, so great and doubtfull vndertaking.

Act. I. Sc. III.

Enter Pat, to Luckles, Widgins, Anvils.

Pa. Sir, there's a gentlewoman would speake with you.

Luc. Who is it? Doe you not know her?

Pa. I neuer saw her before sir. I askt her name. But I perceiu'd some displeasure in her looke (whether it were shame, griefe, or anger I know not) that made her conceale it: Only telling me shee was a woman very hurtlesse, and warrantable against your feare.

Wid. I warrant tis my sister. Shee frownd, did shee not, and look'd fightingly? If shee did, 'tis my sister, your wife that shall be. Shee will looke so at you, I can tell you, or me, or my Governour, for all he is a Captaine. Shee feares no colours I faith, to tell you true, shee beate him once for a

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iest he broke vpon her *Monkey*. Is it not shee, thinkst thou?

Pa. No sir it is not shee. I know my Lady that shall be.

Wid. My Lady that shall bee! how sweetly it chimes:
Heres something for that word.

Luc. Goe bring her vp. Good brother *VVidgine*, fly in-
to the next roome, with your Governour. He waite on you
presently.

Ex. Pa.

VVid. My Lady! And brother *VVidgine*! I must admire.
Our house is rays'd by this two stories higher.

Ex. VVid. Ans.

Luc. There's no recalling time; and vowes of this high
nature are no trifles.

Act. I. Sc. III.

Enter *Mistres Traine-well.*

Tra. Sir I suppose you are sir *Phillip Luckles.*

Luc. I am the man Lady.

Tra. And you are shortly to marry a Citty Widdow, one
Mistresse Fishow?

Luc. Most true.

Tra. For whose deare sake you purchas'd a foure hun-
dred pounds knighthood, to goe a woing in: out of which
shee is to giue nine thousand pounds for a Ladiship for terme
of life.

Luc. What meane yon Gentlewoman?

Tra. Sir not to scold, or brawle, (a vice to frequent in our
Sexte.) But, in few words (and ciuill ones) to make you sen-
sible of a little of that infinite iniury, you haue done to one,
whose vnualueable portion of vertue makes her fit, (besides
the right shee has already in you) to take a brides place, be-
fore your later choyce, or any shee, whose wealth might
weigh downe hers. You stand as if you knew not who I
meane.

Luc. Nor what neither. Sure my name's abus'd.

Tra. Pray sir bethinke your selfe. Has there not beene a
former contract made betwixt you and some other.

Luc. No. Nor any faithfull promise neither.

Tra.

Tra. That I may well beleue, when you forget it.

Luc. I pray speake nearer to my vnderstanding: whom may you suggest to be the woman so much forgotten?

Tra. If you haue soule, or sense, you must remember her: No? Read then her name subscrib'd to that.

Luckles reads.

*If pittie, love, or thought of me,
Lies in your breast I need not die.
But if all these from thence be fled;
Lies you to know, that I am dead.*

Constance.

Farewell good *Constance*, I am sorry I haue no further for thee.

Tra. Doe you know that name sir?

Luc. Yes Lady so well, that I am sorry, that a gentlewoman of your good seeming should haue to doe for so light a peece of vanity. Leane going o'the devills Errants: His kingdomes large enough, and too much peopled already.

Tri. Pray sir, are you in sober earnest?

Luc. I good faith am I.

Tra. You are vnhappy then. For you shall loose, in this disdain of yours, more honour then your life time in repentance can recover. So fare you well sir.

Ex. Tra.

Luc. Farewell old Whiskin. Slid Ile marry out o'the way; tis time I thinke: I shall bee tane up for whores meat else. *Constance* I shre had a Bastard tother day too. What a mischeimous Maw has this shce Caniball that gapes for mee! Slight a common Trader, with I know not how many! I marnell shce was lett out of *Cupids* Muster. Sure shce bribd the Ballad maker: One that I haue paid at all times too; heres one, there's tother. And now shce heares I am towards marriage pretends a claime to mee. And what a Minister shce had procur'd! A Divell in a most gentlewoman-like apparition. It had beene well to haue pumpd her. Is shce gone?

Ex. Par.

Luc. Who sir, the Gentlewoman? I put her in her coach.

Luc.

Luc. Her Coache! Coaches must needs bee common, when their cariages are so. By this light, *Oliver*, a Bawd; a very Bawd. Where's my brother *Widgins*, and his Governor, *Anvile*? They are wholsomer company o' the two, yet.

Pa. A Bawd! Blesse my Masters wits. But the best is, if hee be mad, there's that at hand will tame him, or any man: A fine Cooler, call'd Mariage, to take his batchelors button a hile lower! Can it bee possible? Shee might ha' beene Mother o' the Maydes, as well, to my seeming; or a Matron, to haue traint vp the best Lady Daughters in the Countrie. Here comes her Man, againe.

Act. I. Sc. V.

Enter *Beauin*, to *Pa.*

Be. Is sir *Philip Lucklesse* i' the house still sir?

Pa. Are you the Cock-bawd to the hen was here, ere while sir.

Be. Are you mad, or are you drunke sir?

Pa. Come you to bargain for a Punke sir? Faith where's the meeting? Where's the Supper? at the *Bridgefest*, or the *Cat*? or where is it?

Be. Nay then sir, though your Master be allow'd to measure his manners, by his pleasure, here, on his owne yard, He bee bold to pull you out on't by the eares, and beat you into better fashion.

Pa. Hold, hold. Pray hold a little sir. I cry you mercy. I might bee mistaken. I see thou art a good fellow. I haue halfe a dozen for thee faith. s' foet what big words and terrible action he has! Is this the Bawds language? Pray pardon me sir: I haue beene overwatch'd of late, and knew neither place, person, nor what I said at the instant.

Be. Indeed?

Pa. I sir, tis an infirmity I am much troubled withall; a kind of a--betweene sleepe and waking--I know not what to call it. I would giue twentie nobles to bee cured on't. I pray take it not ill sir; I use any man so, when the fits on
me,

me, till they thoroughly wake mee.

Be. What's I did now? by the eares? Are you come to your selfe enough yet? or shall I helpe you further sir?

Pa. No, tis very well now I thank you sir. Alas I put my Master to the paines, twise or thrise a weeke, I assure you, to my grieve.

Be. A very strange disease! How might you get it?

Pa. Faith I fell into't first, with a conceit I tooke for overbuying a bargain of Drinke. Your businesse with my Master sir? I pray.

Be. Onely to speake with him from the Gentlewoman was here eene now.

Pa. I shall acquaint him with it.

Be. I shall be your seruant.

Pa. I pray pardon my error.

Be. And you my boldnesse.

Pa. O not so sir. Well master Pimp I haue a plot vpon

your employment, as brauely as you carry it. I know he is a Bawd by his out-facing. And I doe humble and disguise my Manhood to worke on him by policy: And if I put not a fine-flurre vpon him for all his braue bragados, then *O*uer *Pa* has no braines; nor is there any difference betwixt a Seruing-man and a Pandar. — *Ex.*

Be. What a Trim-tram trick is this? the Master and the Man both brain-cras'd; as the one used me, so did the other my Mistris. But I haue brought this into a kind of civill sense againe. Doe wee looke like Bawds? There is some strange ground for this mistaking. I am sure (hee has ever beene reputed a vertuous Gentlewoman; and has now the govenement, and bringing vp of a Virgin, of a most hopefull goodnesse. And I thinke, I know my selfe; and dare beat any Man into a better construction of my quality.

Ex. Pa.

Pa. Now wit, and bee thy will! Sir, my Master desires to bee excused: for he is with some friends, on private busines, concerning his Marriage; which is to be to morrow. But sayes, if it please you to meet him in the Evening, betwene foure, and five, in the great Pallace; and conduct

The Northern Lass.

him to the Gentlewoman, hee will attend her with his best service.

Be. Betwene foure, and five in the Pallace: but how shal I know him? I neuer saw him.

Pa. As I wish'd: But you may easily. Hee is of a comely stature; and will be in a red cloake and a white Feather. Besides he waite on him.

Be. I thanke you sir.

Ex.

Pa. Fare you well sir. Good *Foist*, I shall make a Whiskin of you now, and for nothing too. I haue beene a little bold with my Masters name in this answer; the knowledge of which he is vngilty of. I saw how he shifted her off: Therefore I will further bee bold both with his name and person, which I will put vpon a friend in store. My speciall friend, Captaine *Anville*, a notable lecherous Tuppe: He has beene at me for a bit out of my Masters stocke any time these three weekes. He pleasure him with her for ready money. I know tis some cast stuffe, that my Master has done withall. And let him take what followes.

Ex.

Act. I. Sc. VI.

Enter *Fischnow*, *Houder*, with Inke and Paper:

Fis. Well sir. And what said Master *Luckesse*?

Ho. Sir *Phillip* you meane forsooth.

Fis. The very same sir. But I beginne to call him now, as I must call him hereafter. Ladies doe not call their husbands, as they are Knights: as sir *Phillip*, sir *Timothy*, or sir *Gregory*. Did you ever heare my Lady *Squelch* call her husband sir *Paul*? No. But master *Squelch*. Indeed all others must sir them by their Christen names; because they are Knights, and to bee knowne from other men: onely their owne wiues must master them, by their Surnames; because they are Ladies, and will not know them from other men. But to our business. What said he to you?

Ho. His worship said forsooth—

Fis. Nay, What said you to him first? I looe to heare things in order.

Ho. I said that as you bad me forsooth.

Fis.

The Northern Lass.

Fl. As I bad you, Cloppoll? what was that? Shall I ever mould thee into a Gentleman Vther thinkst thou, that stand it so? Come forwards fir, and repeat.

Ho. My Mistris commendeth her best loue vnto your Wor-ship; and desires to know how your Worship came home last night; and how your Worshop hath rested; and how your Worshop dos this morning? Shee hopes the best of your Worships health; and would be glad to see your Wor-ship at your Worships best leasure.

Fl. This was very well: word for word as I instructed. But did you worshop him so much?

Ho. Yes truly, and hee commended mee for it; and said I shew'd my breeding.

Fl. Now fir. His answer? in his owne words.

Ho. Quoth hee. I thanke thy Mistris, and I thanke thee. Prithee commend my seruice to her, and tell her, my wor-ship came home vpon my worships Foot-cloth; my wor-ship tooke very good rest, in my worships bed: My wor-ship has very little to doe this Morning, and will see her at my worships leasure.

Fl. Did hee say so?

Ho. Twas either so, or so much I am sure. But he did not make me repeat, as you did, till I had coo'd it by heart.

Fl. Well *Howards* get you downe. And doe you heare *Howards*? If *fir Paul Squales* come, bring him vp.

Ho. I will forsooth Mistris.

Fl. I bad you learne to call me Madame.

Ho. I shall forsooth Ma-dame.

Fl. You shall forsooth Madame. Tis but a day to't; and I hope one may be a Lady one day before her time.

How. A day too soone I doubt in this forward age. *Ex.*

Fl. In the meane time, let me study my remembrances for after marriage.

Intrinsus. To haue the whole sway of the house; and all domestical affaires; as of accounts of household chardges, placing and disposing of all seruants in generall; To haue free liberty, to goe on all my visits; and though my knights occasions bee never so vrgent, and mine of no moment, yet

to take from him the command of his Coach; To be in speciall see with his best trusted servant; nor to let one lue with him, that will not bewray all his counsells to mee. To study and practise the Art of ieaiousie; To faigne anger, melancholly, or sicknesse, to the life. These are Arts that women must bee well practis'd in, ere they can attaine to wisdom, and ought to be the onely study of a widow, from the death of her first husband, to the second: From the second to the third, matters of deeper moment; From the third to the fourth deeper yet; And so proportionably to the seventh, if shee be so long blest with life: But of these I may finde time hereafter to consider in order as they fall. Besides, in all, to be singular in our will; to raigne, gouerne, ordaine lawes and breake 'hem, make quarrells and maintaine 'hem; professe trutthes, deuise falshoods; protest obedience, but study nothing more then to make our husbands so; Controle, controuert, contradict, and be contrary to all conformity: To which end wee must be sure to be arm'd alwayes with prick and praise of the deceased; and cary the Indentory of our goods, and the grosse summe of our Dowry perpetually in our mouthes. Then dos a husband tickle the spleene of a woman, when shee can anger him to please him; chide him to kisse him; Mad him to humble him; make him stiffe-necked to supple him; and hard-hearted to breake him; to set him vp, and take him downe, and vp againe, and downe againe, when, and as often as we list.

Enter Howdoo.

Ho. Madame.

Fis. I marry, now thou say'st well.

Ho. And please your Ladiship.

Fis. Well said againe.

Ho. One M. Tridewell, a Gentleman, desires to speake with your Ladiship, from Sir Phillip.

Fis. Tridewell! O it is Sir Phillip's Kinsman. I haue heard him speake much good of him; and entreated mee to giue him good respect; which were enough to marre his entertainment, had I not another purpose of mine owne, that may proue as ill. Bring him vp Howdoo.

Ho.

The Northern Lass.

Ho. I will Madame—— Exit.

Fis. I that was very well. This *Howdo* doe I meane with a cast Gowne to put in apparell, and make my Gentleman Vsher; Not onely for the aptnesse of his name, to goe on my visits; but for his proportionable talent of wit and manners.

Act. I. Sc. VII.

Enter Tridewell to Fis show.

Tri. If I can yet redeeme him, he is happy. By your leave Lady: May my boldnesse prove pardonable?

Fis. Sir the name of him, you come from, is warrant sufficient to make your welcome here: All that is here being his.

Tri. Is this true trow?

Fis. I vnderstand you come from Sir *Philip Luckles*.

Tri. 'Tis true, I brought his name thus farre to enter mee to your presence. But here I shake it off, as I would doe his remembrance: but that I know him too well.

Fis. Too well Sir? How meane you?

Tri. Too well indeede Lady; but in the ill part. I know him to be no equall Match for you. Yet I heare you receive him as a Suter.

Fis. Right Sir. And him onely.

Tri. It is not gone so farre I hope.

Fis. Beshrew mee but it is; and further too Sir. Hee has all wooed and wonne me.

Tri. Beshrew your fortune then. And if my counsell;
The friendliest counsell e're you hearkned to,
Stop not your ventrous foote from one step further,
(For now you are vpon the brinke of danger)
You fall into a Sea of endlesse sorrowes.

Fis. This is pretty!

The Northern Lasse.

Tri. Look back into your selfe ; read o're your Story,
Finde the content the quiet minde you liu'd in,
The wealth, the peace, the pleasure you enjoy'd ;
The free command of all you had beneath you,
And none to be commanded by about you.
Now glauce your eye on this side, on the yoa ke,
You bring your neck to, laden downe with cares,
Where you shall faintly draw a tedious life,
And euery step incounter with new strife.
Then, when you groane beneath your burdenous charge,
And wearily chance to reuert a looke
Vpon the price you gaue for this sad thraldome,
You'll feele your heart stabd through with many a wor,
Of which one dyes not while a thousand grow.
All will be then too late : Now is the time,
Now rings the warning bell vnto your breast :
Where if you can but entertaine a thought,
That tells you how you are beset with danger,
You are secure ; Exclude it, you are lost
To endless sorowes, bought with dearest cost.

Fis. Pray Sir deale freely with me. What respect
Moues you to make this strong dissuasion ?
Is it your care of me ? or loue of him ?

Tri. A subtil question ! This woman is not brainelesse.
Loue of him Lady ? If this can be loue,
To seeke to crosse him, in so great a hope,
As your inioying ; being all the means,
Or possibility he has to liue on ;
If it beloue to him, to let you know
How lewd and dissolute of life he is,
By which his fortunes being sunke, he is growne
The scorne of his acquaintance, his friends trouble,
Being the common borrower of the Towne.
A Gallant lights not a Tobacco Pipe,
But with his borrowing letters (hee's not mou'd)
And if you put him off a fortnight longer,
Hee'l be layd vp for moneys he took e vp
To buy his Knighthood ; besides his deepe ingagements

The Northern Lasse.

To Goldsmith, Silke-man, Taylor, Millener,
Scempler, Shoemaker, Spurrier, Vintner, Tapster,
(All stirres her not, sice stands as if prepar'd
To heare as much of truth and beare with it.)
Men of all Trades, and Occupations;
From his Mercer downward to his Waterman,
Haue venter'd the last sixpence on his Credit;
And all but wayt to pay themselves from you.
And I may well imagine how 'twould grieue
A woman of your wealth, to disburse all,
To saue a Knight out of his Ward i'th' Counter;
And lack with all his company at home;
While he frequents youthfull society
To make more charge for Nurseries abroad:
For I haue heard him say you are old; and that
It is your wealth he marries, and not you.
If this be loue to him, that I discouer
(The meanes to saue you to be his vndoing,)
Let no man take a friends help in his wooing.

Fis. And how this should proceed from care of me
Falls not into my vnderstanding Sir.

Tri. Consider Lady —

Fis. Sir I haue consider'd
Before, and in your speech, and since; and cannot
By all that can be said remoue a thought.
I lou'd him not for words: Nor will I vse
Words against yours: 'twere poore expression
Of loue to boast it. Tis enough I know it.
Boasters of loue, how can we Lovers call,
When most of such loue are no more then all.

Tri. Sure, I was much mistaken in this woman.

Fis. Nor would I haue you to expect a rayling,
To say you basely wrong the Gentleman:
A way so common, common women vse it.
But this Sir I will say, I were too blame
If I should thinke your loue to him were lesse
Then the great care of me, you seeme to vrge,
As you pretend it is.

Tri.

Tri. Shee will discouer me.

Fit. You are his Kinsleman nearly ; and reputed,
By his owne mouth, his best of chosen friends ;
My selfe an vtter stranger, one from whom
You neuer had, or can expect least good.
And why you should, for a respect so contrary,
Call my poore wit in question to belecue you,
Is most vnconscionable.

Tri. Me thinke I stand
Like a false witnes 'gainst anothers life,
Ready to take his punishment.

Fit. Nor will I foudly thinke you meant to seeke,
Crossing his Match, to make it for your selfe :
Both for my knowen unworthinesse ; and your
Deprauiing him being no possible way
To make me thinke the better of your worth.

Tri. Can this be shee ? how strangely am I taken !

Fit. But I forgiue, and charitably thinke
All this brought no ill purpose ; pretty Pageantry
Which may hereafter, 'among our mariage mirth,
Fill vp a Scene : for now Ile take no notice.
Indeed I will not : you may, if you please,
And tell your Cuz how haynously I take it.

Tri. If thou hast mercy, Loue, keep't from my heart.
Wil't please you heare me ?

Fit. Sir I haue, enough.
And craue but leaue to speake this little to you,
Which shall by heauen be vncontrol'd as fate.
If I shall find him bad, I'll blame my fortune :
Neuer repent, or thanke you for your counsell.
If I shall finde him good ; and all this false,
VVhich you so violently haue vrg'd against him ;
Ile loue him nere the more, nor you the worse :
For I am not so poore, nor weakly spiritted,
That should all friends to whom my faith is bound,
Say on their knowledge, that all this were true,
And that one houres protraction of our Mariage
Should mak't appeare, that I would giue allowance

The Northern Lasse.

To all their bugbear reasons, to deferre
That houre the vaiting of our hands: because
Our hearts are link'd by the Diuineſt lawes.

Tri. What haue I done? The curſe of ouer-weening brains,
Shame, and diſgrace are guerdon of my paines.
O, I ſhall fall beneath the ſcorne of fooles:
A puniſhment as iuſt, as great for ſuch,
That doe in things, concerne them not, too much.

Fit. What ayles the Gent?

Tri. On what a ſettled rock of Conſtancie
She planteth her affection? not to moue,
Though all the breath of ſlanderous reproach,
Drining tempeſtuous clowds and ſtormes of horror,
Should bear, at once, againſt it.

Fit. Sir How dee? *Enter Howde.*

Ho. Ma-dame.

Fit. Not you Sir.

Tri. I would I had not ſeene, at leaſt not heard her
In all ſo contrary to all opinion.

Fit. You are not well Sir.

Tri. They ſaid ſhe was old, vnhandſome, and vncliuill,
Froward, and full of womaniſh diſtemper.
Shee's none of theſe: but oppoſite in all.

Fit. Sir.

Tri. My witty purpoſe was to ſaue my friend
From ſuch a hazard; and to loath her ſo,
That I might make her loathſome to his fanſie:
But I my ſelfe am ſalne into this hazard;
To wrong my friend; to burne in lawleſſe loue;
Which on that prayers or penance may remoue.

Fit. You are not going Sir?

Tri. I beg your pardon; dare not look vpon you. — *Ex.*

Fit. Gone in a dreame! Well, I perceiue this ſugling.
This ſtraine was onely to explore the ſtrength
Of my affection to my luckleſſe Knight.
For which, if both their Cunnings I not fit,
Let me be call'd the barren wife of wit.

The end of the firſt Act.
He thinks his crowne will make me keepe off
now

Fitchew.

Fis. The strangeness of this Gentlemans action will not out of my mind yet. Sir *Phillip* could not but have a hand in it. Do's he repent his bargain already; and desire to bee quit with losse of his earnest? Tis but his faith and troth.

Enter *Widgins*, *Anvile*.

Wid. Sister, where are you? My Governour and I are come to waite vpon you in sir *Phillip Lucklesse* coach. It waits at doore for you; and what to doe thinke you?

Fis. I can not tell. Perhaps to inuite me forth into the ayre of *Widewalkes* or *Maribons*; or else——

Wid. Or else me no or elses, sister, you cannot guesse it. And I was a foole to aske you the question, now I think on't.

Fis. That was well remembred brother.

Wid. Sister, you are to be a Lady, within this halfe houre. Your knight is ready, so is the Parson too. My Governour here knowes.

An. Yes Lady; and that hee intreats you, to beare with the sodainesse of the occasion, which hee protests, deeply vrges him to be married presently; desiring you not to trouble your selfe in examination of his reasons: for vpon his honesty and honour, the end of it is for good to you both. Come sweet Madame (now I am bold to giue you your dew title) your knight is ready prest on his adventures (deceare) and tis onely you, that hee seekes to incounter.

Wid. There's a iest now: but shee vnderstands it not. He makes her an Infidell, a wild beast or a Monster, by that word Incounter; what doe Knights adventurers incounter else? looke all the *Mirren* over. Hee'll incounter her. O the wit of a Governour!

An. Tis as I say Madame, (deceare) the good fit's come on him.

Wid. Ever at the tayle of his deceare, I am sure to smell a iest: the fits come on him!

Fis. This sodaine importunity confirms my former doubt: He thinks his Scare-crow will make me keepe off now;

now; but hee is cosfend. Well fir. He shall find me obedi-
ent to his hand. I am in all prepar'd to meet his purposes;
Though, Brother I had thought to had conference this Mor-
ning with fir *Paul Squelch* touching a match for you.

Wid. For me sister? ha' you found out a wife for me?
ha' you? pray speake, ha' you?

Fir. And a good match too brother; Sir *Pauls* Neece;
on whom, hee, being childles, meanes to bestow a large
Dowry.

Wid. By my faith, and he may do't. Hee is rich Gou-
nour; one of the best Ten Thousand hundred men about this
Towne.

Fir. Hee is a right good man. Within there. *Ex. Howd.*
Bid *Flops* your fellow bring my Fan and Masque. *Ex. Howd.*

An. Is hee bounteous and liberall ha? Do's he make large
Suppers and lend money. Dec heare? Is he good at that?

Wid. Nay, there you mistake Gournour. A good man
i'th City is not call'd after his good deeds, but the knowne
waight of his purse. One, whose name any Usurer can
read without spectacles; One that can take vp more with
two fingers and a thombe vpon the Exchange, then the
great man at Court, can lift with both his hands; One that
is good onely in riches, and weares nothing rich about him
but the Gout, or a thombe Ring with his Grandfires sheepe-
marke, or Grannams butter-print on't, to scale bags, acquit-
tances and Counterpanes.

Enter Moya, Howdis,

An. A Butter-print?

with Maske and Fan.

Wid. I twere a cunning Herald could find better Armes
for some of 'hem: though I haue heard fir *Paul Squelch*
protest he was a gentleman, and might quarter a coat by his
Wiues side. Yet I know hee was but a Grasier when he left
the Countrey; And my Lord his father whistled to a team
of horses (they were his owne indeed.) But now hee is
right worshipfull, and I would I had his Neece vn-
sight and vnseene I faith for her monies sake. You neuer heard mee
aske if shee were faire or handsome, dec marke that sister?
My fathers rule right? And if I be not a true *Widow*. (God
forgit me) I thinke he was none.

Fit. But shee is very faire brother, and very handsome, and the prettiest innocent countrey thing withall. Doe I want nothing here?

Wid. I now you bring me to bed sister.

May. Your Masque sits well forsooth.

Fit. But where's my Wimple forsooth?

May. Vpon the Cupboards head, pray *Howdes* fetch it.

Ex. Howdes.

Wid. Hee liues not that loues a Countrey thing like mee. Alas none loues a Countrey thing like mee. And though I am a Cockney, and was neuer further then *Hammer Smith*; I haue read the Countrey mans common wealch; and can discourse of Soccage and Tenure, Free-hold, Copy-hold; Lease, Demeanes, Fee-simple and Fee-taile, Plowing, Hedging, Diking, Grubbing, occupying any Countrey thing whatsoeuer; and take as much pleasure in't, as the best Clowne borne of h'mall.

Fit. And shee is very young, not about fifteene, brother. How this fellow stayer! Goe you. *Ex Maid.*

An. And that's a safe age for a Maid in the Countrey: dee heare?

Wid. Pardon me Gouverneur. I doe heare and not heare thee at this time.

Fit. And sings, and speakes so pretty northernly they say.

An. Is shee Northern (dee heare) will shee not shrinke i'the wetting?

Wid. Gouverneur, I know thou spokst a iest now, by thy dee heare: but prithe, forgiue me; I cannot applaud nor marke thee at this time.

Enter Howdes with a Wimple.

Fit. What makes you stay so? I teare you haue beene among my sweet meates.

How. Shee said it was vpon the Cupboard; and it was vnder the Cupboard.

Fit. Is this my Wimple? Doe you bring Carpenters tooles to dresse me withall.

Ent. Mayd.

Ma. Here is your Wimple forsooth.

Fit. I shall teach you to know a difference betweene

gentlewomena geere and Carpenters tooles. I shall
Nay, there is for you now I Deare sister to the Coun-
treys laste ignoraunce. You said the spoke and tyme Northernly.
I haue a great many Southerne songs already. But Northern
Ayres nips it dead. Take Take for my money.

Fir. Yes brother there is Northern, and speaks for
since has neuer luid in the Countrey, till this last weeke, her
Vnde sent for her vp to make her his child, cut of the Bish-
toprick of *Durham*.

Nay, Bishop, nor Bishoprick shall hold her from mee.

Fir. And brother

Nay, I thinke so, though I haue neuer seene her.

No Bishoprick shall land from me shall winne her. If you
will goe, and lay hands with your Kinge, come; I would
see you marchd first: because that will add some honour
to the *Widowes*, when my selfe shall bee brother to a Lady.
I shall strike first of that name. And then am I no looper
married, Griefe dear, but yee will set our travels a foot: to
know Countries, and Nations, Sects and Factions, Men and
Manners; Language and Behaviour.

And so in height of complement grow compleat

Mistress making of a *Man*, there must be *Examine*.

Act. II. Sc. II.

Enter Trainewell, Constance.

Trainewell. Pray tell me; and tell me truly. What is the worst
has past betwene you? If it bee the maine losse of your
Mayden head, it shall neare go further; therefore let mee
know it.

Con. And I hope *Mistress Trainewell*, all that ere he had o' me
was hot a kisse. But I moun tell yee, I wish'd it a thousand,

thousand till him.

Trainewell. How often haue you seene him?

Con. Feath but that bare cance nother, and your selfe
were by too. Trow yee that I do not tell yee and were more.

By my conscience, *Mrs. Trainewell* I lee not.

Trainewell. That once that I saw him with you, your Vncle

was

was there, too, in the Orchard, but last weeke.

Con. Vary true, Mine Vncle was than by too. And hee brought sir *Phillip* to see his Orchard. And what did hee than doe, crow you, but take me thus by th' haund, and thus hee kist mee; hee sed I were a deaft Lasse: but ther he seind. But for my life I could not but thinke, he war the likest man that I had seene with mine eyne; and could not deuaise the thing I had, might be vnroggen by him. Then by and by as we walkd, he askd mine Vncle, gin hee would giue him me to make a Lady till him. And by my trouth Mistris *Tramwell*, I see not, I blush'd and luk'd vpon him as I would feine a hed it so: Mine Vncle said yes, and sir *Phillip* shake my haund, and gude feath my heart ioyd at it. God gin the Priest had beene by. But I thought all sure enough; and would not ha' sold my part for the Spanish Ladies Ioincture. But streight anon mine Vncle and he fell on other talke, of Lords and Ladies, and many fond like things, I minded not: For I is weell sure, this keepe me waking ere sinee. And God pardon mee what I misthought euerie houre i'th' night.

Tra. How haue you made me wrong this Gentleman, to challenge him as if hee had beene your due vpon this idle complement? when I undertooke the Message, I presum'd (for so your words did intimate to me) you had beene sure, as fast as faith could bind you, man and wife. Where was my discretion? Now I perceiue this was but common Courtship; and no assurance of a Mariage promise.

Con. I wot not what he meant. But I is weell sure, He nere bee sure to ony Man but hee. And if hee loue mee not as weell, God pardon him. For I meant him none ill.

Tra. I know now how to counsell or comfort you, vntill I heare him speake. My man tells me, hee appointed him to meet, and bring him to you about this houre. Poore heart I pittie thee. Before thou come to halfe my yeares thou wilt forget to loue halfe so truely.

Des. Beams.

Sea. Mistris.

Tra. O, are you come? where's the Knight?

Sea. He staves below, and wold me to come vp first, to make his passage cleare and secure.

Tra.

Tra. That was discretion.

Bea. Rather feare I thinke: for he ask'd me if the house were not much haunted with Roarers or Swaggerers, poniards and pistols: whether there were not an Assurer for it as vpon the *Exchange*, as if his life were vpon hazard? whether a Man might come on without losse of credit, and off without need of a Surgeon? Much odd talke hee deliuiers; that in my conceit bewrayes, at once, both a faspulous and cowardly disposition; and vpon my vnderstanding, cannot bee so generous, or nobly spirited, as hee is receiued. Doe what you will.

Tra. I suspect something.

Con. Will hee not come Mrs. *Tranchem?*

Tra. Yes sweetheart: but goe you to your Chamber and let me haue a word before you see him. Goe call him in. Doe so sweetheart. Hee nor be long.

Con. Hee doe ought you bid me. God giue I saw him
cance.

Ad. House.

Enter Anvile, Beauis.

An. A place of faire promising I How haue I find that never discover'd this place before? This place royall! But sought my recreation in by-lanes, and fluttish corners, vnusuall Allies and Ditch sides? when here the whole house is perfum'd: An Earle might thinke it his owne lodging; Ladies might come to see the pictures, and not blush, to goe in or out vnmask'd.

Bea. Sir, will you speake to my Mistis? The man is transported sure?

An. I vnderstand thy office, leads thee no further; thy paines are abroad and below stayres. Here honest *Petish*. Looketh, heres the poore price of a new paire of shoes; take it. Descend, and execute thy duty.

Tra. Bless me? this is another man. More abuse yet?

An. Now gentlevoman to you. What fees belong to your Key? Come, vvhers the bed? vvhers the party?

Here's

The Northern Lasse.

Here's the man : here's the money. Chunke chunke you old Gamster, dost heare ? Here's halfe a peece to buy thee completion, sack or Aqua-vitz. What thou lik'st.

Tra. What are you sir I pray ?

An. Faith one that's a little ill ginen at this time. Where's the Peece ? here are the peeces I tell thee.

Tra. What peece sir ? If you can imagine what you are, where you are, what you would haue, or where you would be, I pray tell mee sir. He doe the best I can to satisfie you. O' my discretion will I sir.

An. Giue me but a little space to wonder at thy strange demands and I will tell thee, good discretion, If I should purchase a broken Cockscombe, or braz'd ribsnaw, for mistaking another mans habit, the smart were onely mine. The villaine swore to me, his Master was sent for ; and that his Master swore this was a Bawd to his choyce Whore, newly interraynd ; and that shee knew not him, and might well mistake me for him. On which presumption I haue waded thus farre : and if I sticke in the Mud, or be driuen backe by a tempest, I am arrnd. Tis not the first time I haue beene Wether-beaten, or Dry-beaten, dee heare ?

Tra. Sir.

An. You doe not know me ? or, at least, not remember mee ?

Tra. If I erre therein sir, I hope your pardon. For as you shall reucale your selfe, I shall either repeat me of my oblivion, or accuse you of vnadvisednesse.

An. Shee speaks like the wife of an Orator, that could dictate her husbands speeches ! Were not you this Morning at sir *Phillip Lucklesse* lodging ? spoke not you with him ? sent you not for him afterwards to repaire thither to the party ? And know you not the man ?

Tra. O infinite abuse ! Sir I cry you mercy. I hope you will pardon my weake sightednes. The world is bad and we loue to deale securely. Could not your worship make your selfe knownen sooner ? Please you to entertaine your selfe here a while, I will instantly provide for your better welcome. O horrible indignity ! But if Posters and cudgels may

may be had for money, and I fit you not, let me loose my discretion. I am furnished with blankets already. — *Ex.*

An. I will instantly provide for your better welcome! Will you so? Twill passe and by this light I thinke for my Masters iest: I will recover my chardges, and gaine over and about for three returnes more with the bare repetition of it out of one mans purse, the *Widgine*. My iests are his punishment; and my wit is his owne, he payes so duely for it. If the Wench be but pleasing, now, to my expectation, my felicity is crown'd.

Tra. O child, wee are undone.

Con. Mary, God sheild Mrs. *Trainewell*. Is hee geane? Must I not see him?

Tra. A lasse it is not he: but some Villaine sent by him to vex and spire you. One that perswades himselfe, we are of those common creatures, that sell their honesties.

Con. Heaven blisse vs, and giue vs leaue to dee first. Can he be so vnkind, to scorne me so. Woe is me.

Tra. He is so dishonorable. But I will fit his Vndertaker, what ere he bee. Looke you, is that he thinke you?

Con. O Well a neare Mistress *Trainewell*! Sir *Phillip* is the likest man that ere you saw dayes o' your life. This Lozell doe not. Nor would he send him. So trim a Man cannot haue sike bad purpose.

Ent. Branie.

Be. Mistress, theres a Gentleman, one Master *Tridewell*, that sayes he is sir *Phillips* Kinsceman, will by all meanes speak with him.

Tra. Sweet heart, can you dissemble your sorrow with a Song, to passe a little time? Ile downe and list out the subtlety of this deceit.

An. There is no government vnder the Sunne, like the politike government of a Bawdy-house.

Shee sings about.

Song.

You say my Love is but a Man.

But I can find more odds.

E

Twist

*Twixt him and others then I am;
find betwene him and Gods.*

*He has in's eye
such Maieries.*

His shape is so diuine.

That were I Owner of the World.

Hee onely should be mine.

An. Sweet prologue to the insuing Intertude I *Ent. Bea.*
Dost heare me honest fellow? was this the Partics voyce?

Bea. Onely hers vpon my sincerity fir.

An. Excellent! Shee has rais'd my desire about her
noates. Why am I thus rauishd, and yet delayd?

Bea. Sir, for that my Mistris craves your Pardon. Tis
not her neglect, that workes vpon your patience; But the
necessity to rid a troublesome Lord or two out of the house,
before the Party can appeare to you. But please you to ob-
scure your selfe in this darke Closet, while I conuey them
hence, and then, instantly, the top Gallant of pleasure shall
crowne your Maine-mast, shee sayes.

An. O how her wit and care reuiues me! From hence
forth shee is my Bawd for ever. My *disertation*! But are
they whollsome Lords *Sirrah*?

Bea. Tis no matter for any thing they did here fir, I war-
rant you. Inquickly pray fir.

An. Must I be lockd in?

Bea. You cannot be safe else fir.

An. The politiqu government of this little common
wealth?

Act. II. Sce. III.

Enter Tridewell, Trainewell.

Tri. Indeed Lady, I am so farre from being in any plot
herein, that I protest it was merely by his outside, and that
in the doubtfull light of the Euening, that I could guesse
twas hee. And had he beene denyed, I had gone well satisfi-
ed, it had beene some other man. Which if it proue, and so
his name be abus'd— Or if it be he indeed, though hitherto
my

The Northern Lasse.

my most respected Cosen, that offers such an outrage, as you deliver it to be: I am so much a friend to honesty, that let me but see the man or beast, he doe the faire office of a Gentleman to right you. Indeed Lady I will.

Tra. You professe nobly sir. First will it please you, see this Gentlewoman; so much the servant of your Kinsman? What shee is I have told you. Only I present her to your iudgement, whether her outward seeming may deserve such scorne?

Ent. Constance.

Tri. Alasse faire Lady, would they iniure you?

Con. Yea feath, and scorne me too sir. Ill betide them. But and you doe me helpe, and ma' sir *Phillip* loue me, God reward you.

Tri. And has your youth and beauty plac'd your loue on him?

Con. Gude feath sir, I may not say how weell I loue him: But were I one of neere (a tricke, heest eene haue all. And yet he loues me not.

Tri. Indeed tis pittifull. Weepe not sweet Lady. He shall loue yee.

Con. Now Gods benison light o' yee for it.

Tri. Shew me the mischiefe, that hath abus'd vs all. Can you conceale him longer?

Tra. In thus much, to coniure you by your Manhood; to doe nothing that Law may question, to your, or our disadvantage: we shall not need,

For our owne right, to doe our selues misdeed. Therefore take this in hand. — *a Ropes end.*

Tri. You doe instruct me well. Pray let me see him.

Anvile one of the Claves.

An. Oh for a large Window, one of the last edition, to leape out with halfe my life or limbs.

Con. Lo yee lo yee, the worst like man to Sir *Phillip*, yee saw in all your dayes.

Tri. Mischeinous Diuell! What magicall madnesse coniur'd you into this shape?

Indeed he coniure you out on't.

As. Oh hold: for heauens sake hold. He confesse.

The Northern Lasse.

Beats him.

Tri. Nay, indeed he beat you a little first, you'll confesse he better. Twill come the easier from you. 'Tis a good preparatiue.

An. Oh! oh, ile confesse any thing.

Tri. No sir, not any thing. But the truth, the truth sir.

An. The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth to helpe me—

Tri. You would be sweating now would you? there's for that.

An. No indeed, indeed, and indeed la I will not.

Tra. Good sir no more. What may this poore thing bee, that brau'd it to but now?

Tri. He tell you Lady. The most notorious, base, beaten Rascall about the Towne. Tuere left breath to say more by him. Hee is as you see. Onely his name is *Anvile*: and they that know him not, call him Cap'aine.

Bea. *Anvile*? Pray sir let me try in. blade on him too.

Tri. I pray thee doe, to save me a labour: for hee is not hilsf beaten yet.

Beauus beats him.

An. Oh, oh. Ladies speake for me. ha' you no mercy?

Tra. Hold. No more.

Tri. Well sir, thanke the Ladies. Now sir, put this Ladies favour here in your pocket; and keepe it there till I call for it. And marke what I say, if ever I find thee without this Instruement or the like, when I shall call for it, to beat thee (marke me) indeed ile beat thee dead. And now to your examination. How got your rotten Mutton ship into this Lyons case? was it by the Owners knowledge? was the Master of these Cloathes priuy to your vndertaking? Answer sirrah, *bona fide*, I or no.

An. No vpon my life; only his Man abus'd mee for my Money.

Tri. What presumption made you thinke so vilely of these Gentlewomen?

An. Sir *Phillips* owne words to his Man, vpon a letter this Lady deliuer'd to him this Morning.

Tri. The Error's found. Her name you say is *Constance*, which

The Northern Lasse.

which likewise is the name of a prostituted Strumpet, with whom, tis thought, the wantonnesse of his youth hath held former familiarity; and now it seems makes doubt, imagining that letter to be hers, that she pretends a claime to him.

An. Right sir: which hee tooke so contemptuously, that instantly he resolved to marry the Widow, Mistresse *Fitchew*; and was this Morning married privately in a Chamber, within an houre after you saw him.

Con. And I vndone than.

Tri. And I if it bee so.

An. It is vndoubtedly true. I saw them married, and dined with them, at his lodging, where they will sup too: But after Supper they goe to her house in the Towne to bed.

Tri. This so vile mistaking we shal all repent; if we prevent not what may issue from it.

Tri. Alas sir all will be too late.

Tri. Will you but trust my seruice for your honour?

T.a. Wee will waite on you sir.

Tri. Then Sir for this time you shall be reprim'd,

From further penance: Rise and be our Guide.

But keepe your seare still: for if all our art

Miscarry, thou art iure to share the smart. *Ex.*

Act II. Sc. V.

Enter Pate, Howles.

Pa. Brother *Howles*, take my hand and word for thy instructions. I will acquaint thee with an old Ladies Vsher, in the *Strand*, that shall giue thee thy Gait, thy Posture, thy Language, thy Habit, and thy whole charge in so plaine a Method, that thou shalt instantly start vp as prettily a Gentleman Vsher, none displays'd as any betweene Temple-bar and Charing-crosse; many further I cannot promise you: But prithee tell mee. Is our Lady of so hot a temper and stately cariage as shee is reputed?

Ho. O brother. Shee must command all, or all shall smoke for't. Shee did so in my old Masters dayes I am sure.

The Northern Lasse.

And hee glad of peace at that rate too.

Pa. But how is she to her servants? Bonnifull and free?

Ho. Yes both of her voice, and hane's.

Pa. Shee will not strike will shee?

Ho. And she could bite as well, the rankest Iade that ere was carried could not come neare her.

Pa. Heaven be good to vs! she nere strooke thee, did shee?

Ho. Tis no matter for that.

Pa. Nay brother, you know we haue vow'd to be all one: the Mariage hath vnited vs. Prithce tell mee.

Ho. Shee broke mee a tooth once with a deaths Heading on her finger? it had like to ha' cost mee my life! 't has bene a true *Memento* to mee euer since; bobs o' the lips, sweakes by the nose, cuffs o' the eare, and trenchers at my head in abundance.

Pa. Will shee throw too?

Ho. Any thing shee can lift. and makes vs pay for all shee breakes, though shee breake our heads or faces withall. Fan-handles, Looking-glasses or any thing.

Pa. Wee shall haue a foule houle on't I feare: But since it is too late, fight Dog, fight Beare. Ile turne my Master loose to her. Here they come. By this light me thinks they looke as if they were fallen out already.

Act. II. Sce. VI.

Enter Lucklesse, Fitchew, Wayting-Woman, Widgins, and Bulfinch. As the other doe Squelch, Nonsense, and Beaus.

Squ. Though I were absent at the Ceremony, I now bring my wilhes of much ioy.

Luc. And not too late I hope sir *Paul*. Wee may yet carry them to bed with vs.

Fis. You had bene chiefly sir invited, had we not stolne a day from Time, to haue done a fathers part at Church, to which in your absence, I intreated our worthy friend *Mrs Apprehension Bulfinch* here.

Squ. Master *Bulfinch*, I reioyce to meet you here directly. Looke you sir. Doe you know this young Gentleman?

Bul.

The Northern Lass.

Bat. Yes sure, methinks I should know him. But I am sure I neuer saw him before. ha——

Squ. Have you forgot sir *Hercules*?

Bat. I apprehend him to be Master *Salomon Nonsense*, Son and Heire to my right worthy friend, sir *Hercules Nonsense* of *Cornwall*. If you be not hee sir. I am sure it is you. I may bee deceiu'd, but I am certaine tis hee.

Luc. Hee is doubtfull, but yet hee is sure hee knowes him. What a *Bullfinch* is this! sure tis his language they call bull-speaking.

Non. You say very well sir. And neuer credit me as you knew my Father, I would be very ready, as you know how duty binds: for because it is a vsuall thing in these dayes, desiring the loue and friendship, I protest and vow sir I shuld——

Luc. Most perfect *Nonsense*! this is a finer youth then tother. My wifes acquaintance are most answerable to her Kindred.

Squ. Tis so directly Master *Bullfinch*, and I haue brought him to Towne—I vnderstand my Neece is in your house, my Lady Bride. Is shee employd in your Chamber?

Fit. Shee is not here sir. Is shee *Howdee*?

Ho. Certes no Ma-dame.

Squ. How? not here? Sirrah what did you tell me?

Bea. What shall I say or doe? I shall be hang'd directly.

Squ. How was shee accompanied?

Bea. By my Mistis sir, and two Gentlemen of her acquaintance, whose names I know not.

Squ. *Honesty*, *Villany* and *Theuery*: I smell it ranke. Shee's stolne, shees gone directly.

Wid. Tis indirectly sir if shee bee stolne. There your word failes you.

Squ. If shee bee in the land I will recouer her, I hope I shall find much right in Law, as a Broker or a Ioyner.

Fit. Good sir *Paul*, I haue not seene you thus dumperd. What ails you?

Squ. Oh Mistis *Fuchow*, my Neece, my Neece.

Wid. Hee's mad I thinke. Sir you forget my sister is a Lady.

Squ.

The Northern Lasse.

Sqn. Shee's is lost, shee's stolne, and all my ioy is gone.
My Neece, my *Constance*—

Lue. *Constance*!

Fir. Who your young Neece that came lary'd out of the
Country?

Wid. My *Country* thing sister, that you promis'd me?

Sqn. Promis'd you? I am abus'd. I doe suspect you ne-
cessaries. Sir I haue purpos'd and promis'd her to this
Gentleman. And here I charge you to restore her me.

Wid. Are you the Man sir that must haue her?

Nen. Neuer credit mee sir, if I haue her, or haue her not
to my knowledge.

Sqn. Sir *Phillip*, you are courteous and noble: as you
will continue so in opinion of honest men, let me haue right.

Lue. Sir *Paul*, vpon my faith I am ignorant of any such
wrong. And, for her part, should shee fare amisse, I should
suffer in her iniury equally with your selfe: for I profess to
you, I did loue the Lasse so well; and at the first sight, that
had I not beene otherwise allotted, and indeed contracted to
her, from whom now there is no starting, shee should haue
beene my Bride, if all my loue and fortune might haue
wonne her.

Fir. Had you spard this Protestation, Sir, you might haue
dissembl'd your loue to me the better.

Lue. Dissemble?

Fir. Tis said sir.

Pa. By this hand my Ladie's ialous already.

Ho. Blessè vs! what lookes are these!

Sqn. Sir, I must take my leaue, this is no time to trouble
you.

Lue. Nay good sir stay, and share in our ill Banquet.
Harke, some friend I hope. Looke sirah.—

Cornets flourish.

Fir. Some of your old companions haue brought you a
fit of Mirth. But if they enter to make a Tauerne of my
house, ile add a voice to their consort shall drowne all their
silling. What are they?

Ent. Pats.

Pa. Some that come in gentile fashion to present a Maske.

Fir.

The Marriage-Contract

Fis. Locke vp the dores, and keepe them out. *En. Head.*

Luc. Breake them open and let them in — *En. Pass.*

Fis. Shall I not bee Master of my owne house?

Luc. Am not I the Master of it add you are not. *Luc.*

Wid. Nay sister, —

Fis. Passion of my heart —

Sqn. Bull. Madame, Madame —

Sqn. You must allow of reasonable things —

Bull. Be contented, for *Philip* is an able Gentleman, and a Courtier, and as *Lupptehend* —

Wid. I dare warrant you sister these are of his friends, that come with their Loues to congratulate his fortune. Speake Master *Nonfense*. A speech of your would do't.

Non. Neuer credit me, but I forsooth am of that opinion, that it is as it were. I protest and vow — I should be as sorry as any Man. —

Wid. It this were to bee put into latine now. Which were the principall Verbe.

Fis. M. *Nonfense*, you have preuail'd. You see I am content. But what I purpose, Fate shall not preuent.

Wid. Did I not tell you — *En. Duck-liff.*

Luc. More lights, and let them enter. Gentlemen take your places. Sir *Paul* to night forget your sorrow. So will I mine, though I reue't to morrow. Come sit sir. Mistris please you.

Fis. You wrong your honour sir, your most humble Hand-maid.

Wid. Brother I told you alwayes shee had hasty humors, and as ynreasonable as heart can with: but soone over. Now shee's as mild as any Dove againe.

Luc. Then wee are friends; and shee's my Dove againe.

Musicks.

The Masquers Enter. All in Willow Garlands. Foure Men. Foure Women. The two first payre are Tridwell and Constance. Arnold and Trainwell. Before the Dances, Constance sings this Song.

F. *Nonfense* —

The Northern-Lake

Song.

*Now Love, nor Fate dare I accuse,
For thus my Love did me possess;
But oh mine owne unworthinesse,
That durst presume so wicke to blisse.
It was too much for me to love
A Man, so like the Gods above;
An Angels shape, a Saints like voice,
Are to Divins for Humans choice.*

*Oh had I wisely giv'n my heart,
For to have lov'd him but in part;
Sought onely to enjoy his face;
Or any one peculiar Grace
Of Foot, of Hand, of Lip, or Ey,
I might have lov'd where now I dye.
But I presuming all to choise
Am now condemn'd all so loose.*

*At the end of the Danco, Tridewell and Constance whisper
With Anvile, each of them giving him a folded paper.*

Lac. Tis well perform'd. Now we would gladly know.
To whom we owe our thanks.

An. That Ile deliver to you. Meane while the rest de-
fire they may withdraw a while.

Lac. Light and all faire respect be given vnto them.

Exeunt all the Masquiers but Anvile.

Squ. The Womans voyce had much in it like my Neece.

Wid. Your Neece sir *Paul*, ods me I must goe see her.

An. Nay brother give them all their free pleasures. By
your leave you shall say.

Wid. Shall I? I will then.

An. Now to your patience I disclose my selfe.

Wid. Whoop! My Governour! Look you sister.

Look you sir *Phillip*. Did not I alwayes tell you he was
the rarest wit in the world? This was his owne inven-
tion he bee hang'd else. Sweet Governour the conceit of
the

the Willow, and why thou wearest it?

An. My selfe, onely to make the number in the Dance fixable. And so did all the rest to fulfill the fashion, only two excepted, that were the Leaders and subiect of the Dance. The one, your Cousen *Tridwell*, who holds himselfe a lost Lover, in that you Madame to whom his affection is wholly devoted, haue made your selfe incapable of him, in being the lawfull right of another. This paper shewes him more at large.

Luc. Ist possible! Did hee for that so earnestly deswaide me from her this Morning?

Fis. I neuer saw him before this day, nor he me. These are tricks and studied fooleries to abuse me ———
seizes the Paper.

Luc. Who wasthe other.

An. Shee was your faire Neece sir *Paul*; the most disconsolate Beauty that ere I saw, giuing her selfe for ever lost vnto your loue sir *Phillip*, presuming you once promis'd her Mariage, of which shee made a claime this Morning by her Nurse, whom you reuil'd by name of Bawd, calling faire *Constance* Whore; and to her more despight, hastned your Mariage sooner by a day, then you before, intended with this Lady.

Luc. *Constance*! May that name in all other women bee accursed beyond themselves. Hell it selfe could not haue vapor'd such an error forth, as I am lost in. *Constance*! why was that name made hers, that Saint-like Maids, when it brought to my mind's Diuels, nay worse, a Whores? to whom before twas giuen.

Bull. Sir *Phillip*, and Madame, you apprehend these things as things done, when they are nothings indeed, but as it were shew and denise, as by the sequels you may at large apprehend.

Sen. I am of your mind Master *Tulsiack*. And trust me I am glad my Neece was drawne into the witty conceits. For which with a new Gowne he thanks her. *Em. Pav.*

Luc. Where is shee? I will endure no longer till I see her.

Pa. The Masquers are all gone sir. you have well W. all
Lac. Gone Villaine.

Pa. They tooke their Coaches instantly, and dispersed
 themselves by severall wayes, I had no Commission to stop
 them.

Fis. Are you so sensible of her losse? — **Ex Fis.** With
 her Servants.

Squ. My Neece might notwithstanding her lost loue
 haue tane me home in her Coach.

Lac. You shall haue mine sir *Paul* and my company so
 farre to see her; and whether their presentation were left
 or earnest, I will not rest till I be satisfied; My Coach will
 make no stay Sweet-heart. Shee's gone.

Wid. Excellent! the Bride's stolen to bed.

Squ. It should be so. I like the custome well.

Bul. For if you apprehend it rightly, it expresseth duty
 in the Woman to lye prepared for him; and love in the
 Man, not to be slacke to embrace that duty.

Wid. A pretty Morall! A Womans duty to lye downe,
 and a Mans loue to get vp. One may learne something of
 these old fellowes every day.

Squ. There ore no Coach, no Company, noble Knight,
 Pursue your home occasions, and God gi' yee ioy.

Lac. My sir *Paul*, I protest.

Squ. Not a word more of it directly.

Wid. Take me with you good sir *Paul* to see your Neece.
 I find Master *Walsingham* here very indifferent. And I know
 it will be the greater ioy to her to match but into the family
 of sir *Phillip*, of which I am a halfe Pillar now. Besides
 my sister made me halfe a promise of her, in good faith, my
 God forours my Witnesse, and I haue lou'd her ever since.

Squ. But you neuer saw her face.

Wid. No, but Ile bee hang'd if I did not loue her. Visor
 the best ere while, though I could not tell whose twas, nor
 which was which.

Squ. Good Master *Water Whigins*, this is no time of night
 to dine into busines of this depth. It is Nestling time I
 take it. How thinke you Master *Bustinch*.

Bul.

The Northern Lass.

Bull. I apprehend it to be past 12 a Clocke very neare.

Sq. Therefore what your sister hath promis'd you, let her performe if shee can; meane time this Gentleman is my choyse: come Master *Nonsense*, you haue had a long time of silence. Master *Bullfinch*.

Bull. I apprehend you sir.

Luc. Weell, see you to the Gate by your leave *Ex Omnes.*

The End of the second Act.

Act. III. See. I.

Lucklesse.

Luc. What has shee writen here? It is the same hand I read in the Morning.

I am not your counterfeit, or vncfast Constance: But that only Constance, that truly loue you, and that will, if you like not for me, die for you. Oh that I could at any price or penance now redeeme one day. I Neuer was hasty Match sooner repented.

Enter Widgins. Anvile.

Wid. Hee's melancholly mee thinks. Slid my sister may lye long enough languishing for a Ladship, if this fit hold him: for shee has it not really till he goe to bed and cūb her.

An. Will you not goe to bed sir? wee waite for your pints.

Luc. I will. But is it time? Brother, would you would doe me the fauour to inquire.

Wid. Yes, ile goe see for the Poffets sake. — *Ex.*

Luc. Captaine, deale fairly with me. By what means ioynd you with this society? or how grew to loone your trust or great acquaintance with them?

An. Without offence ile tell you. You know this Morning at your Lodging, there past some words betwixt mee, and your sullen Kinsman, Master—indeed la, *Tridwell*, and from him too much indeed for me, a profess Souldier to beare: But the place protected him. Till after vpon mature consideration I made after him for satisfaction, thus

arm'd as you see. Purposing with this Ropes end to right me; and to maintaine that right with this sword, which I thanke *Mars* neuer yet faild me; as it hath well beene many testified by the effusion of much unworthy blood of my abusers, in *France, Spaine, Italy, Poland, Sweden, Hungary*, all parts of *Germany*.

Luc. Good Captaine trauell not so farre in your relation; but come home againe to the businesse.

An. I haue vs'd it in some score or two of Sea fights too by the way.

Luc. But to the matter Captaine; where met you my Cosen?

An. The first sight I recouer'd of him, was as he was entering the house of the greasie Knight there, what call you him?

Luc. Sir Paul Squelch?

An. Squelch, I a pox squelch him. I waited a quarter of an houre at his doore, for your Kinsman; and longer I would not, had he beene Kinsman to the Emperour, and my Enemy. Therefore in I went, told Master *Tridwell* in his care, my comming was to call him forth, to discharge the office of a Gentleman with his Sword, in answering those wrongs wherewith I held my reputation wounded. Was it not well, ha? Could a poore Gentleman say more? and that in ciuill fashion very priuately in respect of the company, not shewing any the least distemper, in looke or gesture. But the Women read presently in his countenance the whole matter; and briefly by their pretty perswasion I tooke ordinary satisfaction of him.

Luc. What was that Captaine?

An. Why hee confess'd hee wrong'd me, was sorry for't, and so forth. What should we speake more on't. This you must not speake of neither. You must promise me that o' your honour, as you desire to heare what followes: I loue no ripping vp old sores.

Luc. Not a word I, Captaine vpon my word. What Rascals this! to the point good Captaine.

An. Then thus sir? I soone perceiu'd, their drift to appease,

peace, & winne me to their friendship was for my assistance, and indeede to beare them out in this nights worke, the Maske. The whole plot of all which was merely to sowe dissention betweene you and your new married Lady, to worke if they can a seperation, before carnall copulation, in which if they can prevaile, and that the dislike continue betweene you to that height, that a divorce be required equally by the consent of you both, your Marriage then is frustrated, and you stand *in statu quo prius* deo hære. So your Cosen *Tridewell* may lawfully pursue his hopes in your Bride, who he loues as eagerly as the melancholly virgine dotes on you.

Luc. But may this hold good in Law Captaine?

An. There's a Canon for it Sir. If both parties agree to a divorce after Marriage, so it be before Copulation.

Luc. Though the former part of his discourse, was a most egregious lye, yet the last hath some sound of pleasure in it: which I may make vse of.

Enter Tridewell.

Tri. Come gi' me the Instrument. Shall I neuer find thee any where, but thou wilt by inst desert exact a beating from me? Hast thou no conscience? wouldst thou haue me lame my selfe, or melt my greafe vpon thee. Come Sir, I haue ouer-heard you all; giue mee the Instrument, the instrument I say. Indeepe I'le haue it. So. Now Sir——

Luc. Nay Cosen, for the seruice hee hath done you to night, and loue of mee, pardon him this time. Besides, his charge is in the house, at whose charge he liues. You will both shame and vndoe him.

Tri. Well Sir, I shall for this time pardon you, and neuer beat you more, if before Sir *Phillip* here you will subscribe to this. Tis nothing but a faithfull protestation to do reasonable things as I shall appoint, and not to reuente what I shall trust you withall.

An. If you will consent on your part in defence of my reputation, to let me rayle at you behinde your backe, I will subscribe,

Tri. Take your pleasure. I am content. Write Sir. In what without a Knane we cannot end, A Knane employd do's encrease of a friend.

The Northern Lasse

An. Here Sir, I deliuer it as my deede.
Tri. Here, and I deliuer you this againe to keepe. Indeed
you shall for performance of couenants.

Wid. Oh Sir you are defeated. My sister hath fortified
her lodging with locks, bolts, barres, and barricados.

Luc. To what end brother: for what cause?

An. I know not whither it be discontent or wilfulnesse,
that possessees her: but you are to haue no entrance there to
night. That she has sufficiently sworne.

Tri. Good.

Luc. How! am I denied? To my wish.

Tri. Pray let me speake with you Sir.

Luc. At large you shall. For though it bee my wedding
night you shall be my Bedfellow. Lights there. Good night
brother.

Tri. Good night Captaine.

Wid. How now Gouverneur? what has angered thee?
something troubles thy countenance.

An. Your coming, and the priuiledge of this place hath
once more preferu'd that vnworthy *Triadwell* from the jus-
tice of my fury, which should haue fallen on him, had he bin
twinde with me by this light.

Wid. By this light, Gouverneur? would you haue fought
by Candle-light.

An. Sir I dare doe by day light, Moone-light.

Wid. Owle-light.

An. Any light vnder the Sunne. And that
well on *Triadwells* head, doe heare?

Wid. A good iest! *Triadwell* vpon *Triadwell*
wit in his anger. But Gouverneur, laying you
let me be beholden to your wit in atchieuing this
Lasse. Thy acquaintance with her must be the
thee goe lye with me, and helpe mee to dreame
course. Nay looke now thy furie blowen so high that
not heare me.

An. Not heare? yes, were I in a Combat as great as
euer I my selfe fought any, I could both heare, and giue
counsell. Therefore say vnto your selfe, by the helpe of your
Gouer-

The Northern Lasse.

An. Here Sir, I deliuer it as my deede.

Tri. Here, and I deliuer you this againe to keepe. Indeed you shall for performance of couenants.

Wid. Oh Sir you are defeated. My sister hath fortified her lodging with locks, bolts, barres, and barricados.

Luc. To what end brother: for what cause?

An. I know not whither it be discontent or wilfulnesse; that possessees her: but you are to haue no entrance there to night. That she has sufficiently sworne.

Tri. Good.

Luc. How! am I denied? To my wish.

Tri. Pray let me speake with you Sir.

Luc. At large you shall. For though it bee my wedding night you shall be my Bedfellow. Lights there. Good night brother.

Tri. Good night Captaine.

Wid. How now Gouverneur? what has angered thee? something troubles thy countenance.

An. Your coming, and the priuiledge of this place hath once more preferu'd that vnworthy *Tridewell* from the iustice of my fury, which should haue fallen on him, had he bin twind with me by this light.

Wid. By this light, Gouverneur? would you haue fought by Candle-light.

An. Sir I dare doe't by day light, Moone-light, Star-light.

Wid. Owle-light.

An. Any light vnder the Sunne. And that shall bee tride well on *Tridewells* head, dee heare?

Wid. A good iest! Tride well vpon *Tridewell*. He has wit in his anger. But Gouverneur, laying your anger aside, let me be beholden to your wit in atchieuing this Northern Lasse. Thy acquaintance with her must be the meanes. Pri-thee goe lye with me, and helpe mee to dreame out some course. Nay looke now thy furie blowes so high thou dost not heare me.

An. Not heare? yes, were I in a Combat as great as euer I my selfe fought any, I could both heare, and giue counsell. Therefore say vnto your selfe, by the helpe of your

Goucr.

Governour thee is your owne.
Squ. O Man past example!
Tra. But doe heare?
Squ. Here, here. Thou shalt have a ny thing——
him Money. Exit.

Act. III. Sc. II.

Enter Squelch, Constance, Nausenay, Trained.

Squ. Come your wayes huswife. No more of your why-
 nings, and counterfet tricks. If this Gentleman be not worthy
 of you I lost, I am not worthy to be your Vase, directly.

Tra. Alas, what meane you sir?

Squ. Accept of him, you accept of me. If you refuse him
 you deny me directly.

Tra. Shee vnderstands you not a word sir.

Squ. If you will toyne hands and faith with him, Here's
 your portion, there's your ioincture; if not, your way lies be-
 fore you, pack directly.

Tra. Good sir, consider her disease. If her vnderstanding
 were direct, you might speake directly to her. But if I haue
 any discretion shee is too full of melancholly to be purg'd this
 way.

Squ. What would you haue me doe? Or how in your dis-
 cretion would you counsell me?

Tra. Not to be mad sir, because shee is melancholly, not by
 taking a wrong course for her recovery to ruine her (and forfeit
 your iudgement) Doe you thinke, that command with chidings,
 threats, or stripes haue power to worke vpon her, when shee
 has neither will nor reason within her selfe to doe, or not to
 doe any thing whatsoever.

Squ. Now the g'igs vp.

Tra. If her health in sense and vnderstanding were perfect:
 yet as shee is Woman, her will were first to be wrought vpon
 by faire and gentle treaty. Since shee is at this time so sicke in
 mind, that knowledge of what shee is, what shee doe, especi-
 ally of what shee should doe is dead in her, her mind must bee
 first recover'd; and that by gentle courses, in soft and temperate
 proceedings; to which fit time as well as season must bee al-
 loyed. Moreouer——

Squ. Oh. No more others I beseech you, not more of her at this time. I vnderstand your purpose already. I doe directly. Therefore speedily take what course, and vse what meanes shall in your discretion be thought fit. I will subscribe, I will directly subscribe to your discretion. My wife when shee went out of the world left me as great a curle behind her in the charge she gaue me with this Woman, this quick sighted Guide of my house, & blind one were better.

Tra. You should first see, if it pleased you, how her affection may bee wrought vpon by the Gentlemans owne faire intreaty. Pray sir speake to her like a Suitor, looke vpon him Sweet heart: This Gentleman loues you. Pray speake sir. Doe you not?

Non. Neuer credit me pretty Gentlewoman——

Con. Nor will I, feare it not. Nor any man that sayes hee loues me. For alas I was too lately scorn'd.

Non. You are a Lasse indeed. I protest and vow, and such a one, as I would bee very sorry to appeare any way, or in the least degree, as it were please you to vnderstand me: for he be sworne, there is not in the World.

Con. Truth in swearing, lesse in promising.

Non. If you will beleene me Lady.

Con. Nor ne man for your sake.

Non. There is not in the world I say——

Con. I say so too sir. What wast I pray.

Non. There is not in the world any Gentlewoman——

Con. Tell that no further: for wee are all too gentle lesse men were lesse cruell.

Tra. Heare him speake *Constance.*

Con. You shall heare me sing first by your leave.

Tra. Poore heart.

Squ. Here's wife worke! direct Lunacy and Ideotisme. Blasse my house from the Ward Masters Informers.

Con. Pray sir, are you sir *Phillip*?

Tra. Say you are.

Non. Yes Lady, I am sir *Phillip.*

Con. But you are none of my Sparrow. Your mouth's not wide enough for your words.

Tra. Shee has stop'd his mouth there.

Con. His words would soften Adamantine eares,
And lookes would melt a Marble heart to teares. O woe is me!
Tra. Nay you must not weep: Sweet heart,

Con. What must I doe then? Shall I euer get him by singing
trou yee? In troth I would sooner but sing, if I thought that
were the gainest way.

Tra. I had rather heare you sing though, then see you weep.

Con. It must bee of my Love; then, my Sparrowe as I told
you. And thus it goes.

A bonny bonny Bird I had

Song.

A bird that was my Marrow;

A bird whose pastime made me glad,

And Phillip was my Sparrow.

A pretty Play-fere: Chere it would,

And bay, and fly to fist,

Keeps out, as e're a Vjvners Gold,

And bill me when I list.

Phillip, Phillip, Phillip it cries

But hee is fled and my toy dyes.

But were my Phillip come againe,

I would not change my Love

For Iuno's bird, with gawdy traine,

Nor yet for Venus Dons.

Nay, would my Phillip come againe,

I would not change my state,

For his great Name (akes Wealth of Spaine,

To be another's Mate.

Phillip Phillip, &c.

No no, you cannot be the Man: I know him right well by
you fir, as wily as you be. Gin you had all his trimgeere vp-
on you, and all his sweets about you, yet I should not bee so
fond to mistake a Jenny Howler for a Tuffet Gentle. Ah, ah, ha.

Tra. Why Love, what fault doe you find in this Gentle-
man?

Con. Feath, but eene eade. That hee is not fir *Philip*. For
thus would hee doe. Thus would hee kisse his hand, and thus
ta' me by mine. Thus would hee lecke, and set his eye on
mine: And giue mee leave to see my selfe in's eyes. Twa the

best Glasse into which ere I sawe. And lookt well on it. Nor
ere shall I see it sure, untill I see me there againe. Now sing.

But hee is young, and bee's young, and all are young, I say.
For I find I never bin old of aint, and yet I am old of aint.

God you good Euen sir. — — — — — Enter now I do not know

Tra. Follow her sir.

Squ. And put her to't sir, and out of this humor. He add
the tother five hundred to her portion, and you bring her about
handsomely. O when I was a Batchelor, I thinke I can doe
somewhat yet in my old dayes. But when I was a Batchelor,
how I could haue handled this geere.

Now. Neuer credia me sir, if you will beleene me but — — —

Squ. I doe beleene you sir sufficiently good Master *Nonsense*.
No more of your impertinent Speeches. But follow her, and
put her to't I say, to't directly. Take her into the Orchard;
was there shee fell in loue they say. It may bee the place is
Omens. — — — — — *Ex. Now.*

Tra. Sir, there will bee no way for her recovery, but to re-
men: her lodging, and haue some good Physicians about her.

Squ. Where you please, and vse whose helpe you please:
there is your ovne; dispose of her freely, as I vill of what is
mine. He take a new course of life directly. Let me see. Shee
is lost, past recovery. Say I should marry. I might yet haue an
heire of mine ovne.

Tra. Yes, but of whose getting sir? — — — — —

Squ. There might rise a fearefull question.

Tra. Thinkenot of it sir. A man of your yeeres, and gra-
uity, vvith the respect the World giues you for your place and
vvorship in the Common Wealth, together vvith the riches
you haue piled vpon a Mountainous State, to cast all downe vpon
your fall, and fortune at the foot of a stranger I. I thinke vvha
vvould be thought of you, if such a dorage should possesse you.

Squ. Shee's falling into a tedious Lecture.

Tra. Pray how vvvas Master *Spawldike* talk'd on tother
day for doing such a trick? yet he vvvas held a vvise Lawyer.
You see a faire example in the late Mariage of sir *Philip Luck-
less*, and his *Fitchew*, a Match of your ovne making, and
cause of your Neeces and your ovne Misfortune.

Squ. No more I beseech you.

22d

Tra.

Tra. There's tugging for a Mastery, and buffeting for the breeches. He barkes at her, shee snaps at him; shee breaks his wine Glasse, hee her looking Glasse; shee puts away his Seruants, hee turnes away here; shee locks her Chamber dore, he bolts his, begetting nothing but a World of strife and disorder.

Squ. I pray shut vp that point, I will not marry. No directly I will not, though the truth is my purpose: was to haue cast my selfe and fortune wholly vpon y^e. If it might haue serm'd well in your discretion, vnh vnh.

Tra. I pray stay a little fir, take me along with you.

Squ. Not a step further, this way by your leave. I thinke I haue puffed her discretion.

Tra. Vnderstand me fir. As I would not haue you fall rashly vpon any thing; no more would I haue you flie sodainly from any purpose, without aduise and sober deliberation. If you should marry one that would be a Comfortable Nurse vnto you, as (though I say't) you partly know——

Squ. Say you nothing, for I doe know nothing, nor I will know nothing more of this matter directly: For if euer I marry, let me suffer all that the Law provides for Periury; let me bee cropt and slitt worse then a French Curtall, or a parliamentall delinquent for blaspheming the blood royall. No, I will now bestow my wealth in Monumentall good deedes, and charitable uses in my life time, to bee talked well on when I am

Almes houses and Hospitals for beggers, and
and houses of Correction for your friends
enough to *Bedlam*, you may seeke some
selfe before you die, if these fits hold

me doe no good with that I haue nee-
The most I haue to say directly hath
— Were it not a point of good con-
prodigally, and saue a 'cwe' *Heire* the *dis*
— haue got well and honestly, hath bene with
— trauell; were it not then a point of equity to
my selfe, to spend that with ease and pleasure? Tis done di-
rectly, what I haue is mine owne; and I will be merry with it.
Within there ho.

Tra.

best Glasse into that ere I saw: I nere looke weell sine. Ner
ere shall I see you, vntill I see me there againe. *Sing.*

*But hee is gone, alas bee's gone, and all too late I see
For I shall neuer see you againe, till you shal be as newe.*

God you good Euen sir. — *Ex.*

Tra. Follow her sir.

Squ. And put her to't sir, and out of this humor. He add
the tother five hundred to her portion, and you bring her about
handsomely. O when I was a Batchelor! I thinke I can doe
somewhat yet in my old dayes. But when I was a Batchelor,
how I could haue handled this geere.

Non. Neuer credit me sir, if you will beleene me but —

Squ. I doe beleene you sir sufficiently good Master *Nonseuse*.
No more of your impertinent speeches. But follow her, and
put her to't I say, to't directly. Take her into the Orchard;
was there shee fell in loue they say. It may bee the place is
Omenous. *Ex. Non.*

Tra. Sir, there will bee no way for her recovery, but to re-
moue her lodging, and haue some good Physicians about her.

Squ. Where you please, and vse whose helpe you please:
there is your owne; dispose of her freely, as I will of what is
mine. Let take a new course of life directly. Let me see. Shee
is lost, past recovery. Say I should marry. I might yet haue an
heire of mine owne.

Tra. Yes, but of whose getting sir?

Squ. There might rise a fearefull question.

Tra. Thinkenot of it sir. A man of your yeares, and gra-
uity, with the respect the World giues you for your place and
vvorship in the Common Wealth, together with the riches
you haue pild vp in a Mountainous estate, to cast all downe with
your selfe, and fortune at the foot of a stranger I thinke what
would be thought of you, if such a dotage should possess you.

Squ. Shee's falling into a tedious Lecture.

Tra. Pray howe was Master *Sparsledire* talk'd on tother
day for doing such a tricke? yet he was held a wise Lawyer:
You see a faire example in the late Mariage of sir *Phillip Luck-
lesse*, and his *Fitchew*, a Match of your owne making, and
cause of your Nieces and your owne Misfortune.

Squ. No more I beseech you.

Tra.

Tra. There's tugging for a Mastery, and buffetting for the breeches. He barks at her; shee snaps at him; shee breaks his wine Glasse, hee her looking Glasse; shee puts away his Seruants, hee turnes away hers; shee locks her Chamber dore, he boks his, begetting nothing but a World of strife and disorder.

Squ. I pray shut vp that point, I will not marry. No directly I will not, though the truth is my purpose: was to haue cast my selfe and fortune wholly vpon y^e u^y, if it might haue seem'd well in your discretion, vnh vnh.

Tra. I pray stay a little sir, take me along with you.

Squ. Not a step further, this way by your leave. I thinke I haue puffeld her discretion.

Tra. Vnderstand me sir. As I would not haue you fall rashly vpon any thing; no more would I haue you flie sodainly from any purpose, without aduise and sober deliberation. If you should marry one that would be a Comfortable Nurse vnto you, as (though I say't) you partly know——

Squ. Say you nothing, for I doe know nothing, nor I will know nothing more of this matter directly: For if euer I marry, let me suffer all that the Law provides for Periury; let me bee cropt and slit worse then a French Curtall, or a parliamentall delinquent for blaspheming the blood royall. No, I will now bestow my weale in Monumentall good deedes, and charitable vses in my life time, to bee talkd well on when I am dead.

Tra. Yes, builde Almes houses and Hospitals for beggers, and provide in *Bridewell*, and houses of Correction for your friends and kindred. Pray giue enough to *Bedlem*, you may feele some part of that benefit your selfe before you die, if these fits hold you.

Squ. Shee would haue me doe no good with that I haue neither. Let mee consider. The most I haue to say directly hath not bene very well gotten. Were it not a point of good conscience, to spend that prodigally, and saue a 'cud Here the sin. And that which I haue got well and honestly, hath bene with much care and travell; were it not then a point of equity to my selfe, to spend that with ease and pleasure? Tis done directly, what I haue is mine owne; and I will be merry with it. Within there ho.

Tra.

Tra. What's the toy now?

Ent. Clerk.

Squ. Sirah. Take there twenty peeces. B. Row it all presently in choycest meates, and richest Wines for my Supper. This one nights Supper directly. What I haue is mine owne, and I will be merry with it.

Tra. Cle. Blesse vs!

Squ. Six brace of Partriches, and sixe Pheasants in a Dish. Godvits, Knots, Quails, and the rest of the meates anseverable for halfe a score, or a dosen persons of the best quality: vvhom I vwill thinke of presently.

Cle. Braine of a downe right Iustice! VVhat meanes my Master, to leape out of thirtie shillings a Weeke house keeping into twentie pounds a Supper? I may sell my Clerks place: for sure he meanes to thrust himselfe out of the Commission. Hee can be no Iustice long if this humor hold. Who shall be the Guests too?

Squ. I haue it directly. You shall goe to the Ordinaries, and from thence inuite such young Gallants as you find to be Gamblers. I meane of the highest cut.

Tra. Men that you doe not know sir?

Squ. I directly. If they know me, or haue heard of me tis sufficient: we shall be scone acquainted. Bring not a man with any paid for gold Lase or Scarlet about him, I charge you, not without a Protection in his pocket.

Tra. You run a great hazard in this sir. You may perhaps be cheated of all you haue, if I haue any discretion.

Squ. And much good do't their good hearts. What I haue is mine owne, and I will bee merry with it directly. You haue put me by one or two courses: But not all your discretion shall beat me out of this. If you take some care in the busines, and huswife the intertainment to make it braue for my credit, you may get a Gowne or a Iewell by it. If not —

Tra. Sir ile obey you. If he bee mad I will not bee foolish, but strike in for a share. And for your Guests sir, let me alone. My man is best acquainted at the Ordinaries.

Squ. Why now you speake.

Tra. Within there. *Beauis.* But introth sir, I doubt whither any such Guests will come, you haue alwayes beene so strict and terrible in your iustitiary courses.

Ent. Beauis.

Squ. Let him say mine eyes are opened, and their vertue is revealed

The Northern Lass.

dealed vnto me. And if any of the youngsters haue Mistresse, let 'hem bring 'hem. They shall haue Mische; what I haue is mine owne, and I will be merry with it. My flesh, though not in the way of Mariage, requires some satisfaction too. Where might a man in all this plentifull Towne, find a choyce peece directly that he might make his owne? only his owne? A very hard question. And custome has made it almost an vnreasonable, though it were in ones owne Wife. In a Cittizens or Tradesmans Wife; a Man must suffer the Riualship of a slovenly husband: the stinke of his horne euer vnder ones nose. A cast Lady, or Gentlewoman of courtly acquaintance, to maintaine her, is to feed a Fountaine, that wasts it selfe through many Spowts: what I supply her with, will be drawne out by twenty. All her friends must share of my prodigality. To traine vp an innocent countrey Girle, is like hatching a Cuckoe; as soone as shee is ripe, and sees the world afore her, shee flies at her aduantage, and leaues mee dead i' the nest. How now.

Ent. Clarke.

Cl. Sir, here's a Delinquent brought before your worship to be examined, a Gentlewoman sir.

Sq. Who brings her?

Cl. *Forhem* the Constable sir.

Sq. Looke on his feet. Sure tis the Diuell in his likeness: That old Bawd knowing how it stood with me, has brought me one of his *succuba* Art. Sure tis *Forhem*?

Cl. Sure sir? The diuell himselfe knowes him not better then I know him from the Diuell. I am sure, hee has beene in see with me these nine yeares: almost euer since hee was Constable; and has brought more profit to my deske then all the honest Officers in the counties of your Commission sir. Oh hee's a rare fellow, hee'll tickle a Whore in Coany.

Sq. You know my mind. I will in and handle this g'ree in priority.

Ent. Nouf. Const.

Tra. Bravis, You vnderstand me. Prithce goe discreetly about it.

Br. Pray let me see a little of this first.

Nou. If I put her to't or euer offer to put any Woman to't againe, neuer credit me: let me neuer be trusted, I protest and
the Gentlewoman shee has vs'd me —

Tra.

The Northern Lasse.

Tra. Very ill favouredly me thinks.

Bea. Ha' you put her to't sir.

Non. I cannot put her to't, nor she will not be put to't. *Sing.*

Con. I w^o not goe to't, nor I mun not goe to't,

For lone, nor yet for fee:

For I am a Mayd, and will be a Mayd,

And a good one till I dye.

Yet mine intent, I could repent, for any mans company.

But you are not he Sir. If you be, you are wondrously chang'd. I am sure his faults were not written on his forehead. God pardon him.

Non. If mine bee, you can best read 'hem, 'tis your owne hand-writing.

Bea. Shee has done a cure on him. Hee spoke sense now. Alas Sir, that a faire hand should make such blots, I what hand is it? Secretari, Romane, Court, or Text? I have not seene the like: 'tis all dominicall letters, red Inke. His face is like an Almanack of all Holy dayes.

Tra. Sure tis Stenography, every Character a word: and here and there one for a whole sentence.

Bea. Here's one might serve for a whole History. The life and death o' *Ram head,* and *Bloody bones.*

Non. I see I am not such an Assle, I would I might never stir but I am — Where's *Sr Paul*? If I doe not tell him —

Tra. What did you to prove ke her thus?

Non. Nothing but what I can answer in a sort dee see me as well as — never gi' me credit I had warrant vnder his hand

Bea. How Sir?

Non. By word of mouth sir.

Bea. That's about hand by your leave.

Tra. Is it so? Good Sir, his meaning was, you should put her fairly on like a Lover, with sweet speeches, and gentle behaviour.

Non. Shee vnderstands nothing that I can speake.

Bea. Nor any body else I thinke.

Tra. And therefore you fell to expresse your selfe in rude action. Shee has for'd you but well: you are a fine putter to't indeede.

Sing.

Con. Mun toot Mun toot, Munta rana Munta rana rana,

And

And ever I sigh and cry lack for Phillips sons I did.

Iust so did our Deyry Mayd at home: serue my Lady Fiddle-dees Butler. And there I leart it. But when shee had so done what did thee than doe? Bestow'd a penyworth of *Vnguentum Album*, and it made him whole presently. Good M^r. Trayn-well tend to your Poth: cary for some: 'twill make him weell e'ne now.

Tra. I sweet-heart: but first you shall goe in the Coach with me to the Doctors.

Con. I know I am not weell too. But Ile ha' no Doctor but Sir *Phillip*.

Tra. It shall be Sir *Phillip*, (poore soule,) all must be Sir *Phillip*. You shall lye at his house.

Con. But not with him by my faith, and your leave, in't wee be married. *Prithee Beanie* gar him wash his face: hee'll scare some bodies Barnes else. — *Ex. with Tra*.

Bea. Ile throw him into the Dock rather then he shall succede lack O' Dandy. Come sir, I shal be wel again. Feare not.

Non. I thanke you sir.

Act. III. Sce. III.

Enter *Lucklesse* and *Tridewell*.

Luc. Cosen; I vnderstand you at full. And am glad that occasion hath pointed out a probability to lead me out of this labyrinth; and you to your desired end.

Tri. Follow but the way you are in Sir, and you shall arrive at your owne wishes.

Luc. Shee has put me into't her selfe too.

Tri. By sequestering her selfe from you the first night.

Luc. For which Cosen, if I take not occasion to keepe my selfe from her, a'l nights, dayes, and times hereafter, may the act of our bodies beget prodigious monsters and nothing else.

Tri. A fearefull vow I looke too't. And I warrant shee sues for the Divorce first.

Luc. May wee proue but as certaine as you are confident in our other proiect, for recalling *Constance* to her selfe, and mee then

The Northern Lasse.

Tra. Very ill favouredly me thinkes.
Bea. Ha' you put her to't sir.
Non. I cannot put her to't, nor she will not be put to't.
Gen. I w^d not go to't, nor I must not go to't.

For love, nor yet for fees
For I am a Mayd, and will be a Mayd,
And a good one till I dye.

Tet mine intent, I could repent, for aie many company.
But you are not he Sir. If you be, you are wondrously changed.
I am sure his faults were not written on his forehead. God
pardon him.

Non. If mine bee, you can best read them, 'tis your own
hand-writing.

Bea. Shee has done a cure on him. Hee spoke sense now.
Alas Sir, that a faire hand should make such blots, I what hand is
it? Secretarie, Romane, Court, or Text? I have not seen the
like: 'tis all dominicall letters, red Inke. His face is like an
Almanack of all Holydayes.

Tra. Sure tis Stenography, every Character a word: and
here and there one for a whole sentence.

Bea. Here's one might serve for a whole History. The life
and death of *Raw head*, and *Bloddy bones*.

Non. I see I am not such an Assle, I would I might meet
Sir but I am — Where's *Sir Paul*? If I doe not tell him —

Tra. What did you to prove to her this?

Non. Nothing but what I can inferre in a sort doe see me as
well as — never ge' me credit I had warrant under his hand.

Bea. How Sir?

Non. By word of mouth sir.

Bea. That's about hand by your leave.

Tra. Is it so? Good Sir, his meaning was, you should put
her fairely on like a Lover, with sweet speeches, and gentle be-
haviour.

Non. Shee vnderstands nothing that I can speake.

Bea. Nor any body else I thinke.

Tra. And therefore you fell to expresse your sel-
faction. Shee has for'd you but wolla you are a fine
indeede.

Gen. *Man to't, Man to't, Man to't, Man to't.*

And now I sigh and weep, alas for Phillipa! One Elid, who is
 just so did our Deyry Mayd: at home served my Lady Fiddle-
 des Batler. And there I leare it. But when shee had so done
 what did shee than doe? Bestow'd a penyworth of *Ingenious*
Albany, and it made him whole presently. Good M^r. Trayn-
 well send to your Poet: cary for some: 'twill make him weel
 e'ne now.

Tra. I sweet heart: but first you shall goe in the Coach
 with me to the Doctors.

Con. I know it is not weell too. But he ha' no Doctor but
 Sir Phillip.

Tra. It shall be Sir Phillip, (poore soule,) all must be Sir Phil-
 lip. You shall lye at his house.

Con. But not with him by my faith, and your leave, in'e wee
 be married. you and I should not be. I believe you would not. I O
 Prithee *Beau* give him wash his face, he'll scare some bodies
 Barnes else. — *Ex. with Tra.*

Bea. He throw him into the Dock rather then he shall suc-
 ceede *Jack O' Dandy*. Come sir, I shall be wel again. Feare not.

Non. I thank you sir.

Act. III. Sc. III.

Enter Lucklesse and Tridewell.

Luc. Cosen; I understand you stull. And am glad that oc-
 casion hath pointed out a probability to lead me out of this la-
 birinth; and you to your desired end.

Tri. Follow but the way you are in Sir, and you shall arrive
 at your owne wishes.

Luc. Shee has put me into't her selfe too.

Tri. By sequestering her selfe from you the first night.

Luc. For which Cosen; if I take not occasion to keepe my
 from her, a'l nights, dayes, and times hereafter, may the
 bodies beget prodigious monsters, and nothing else.

Tri. Carefull you I looke too. And I warrant shee lyes
 there first.

Luc. Wee proue but as certaine as you are confident in
 selfe, for recalling Cosen to her selfe, and more
 then

The Northern Lasse.

Tra. Very ill favouredly one thinks.

Bea. Ha' you put herto't sir.

Now. I cannot put her to't, nor she will not be put to't. *Sing.*

Con. I w^d not goe to't, nor I muⁿ not goe to't.

For love, nor yet for fear.

For I am a Mayd, and will be a Mayd,

And a good one till I dye.

Tet mine intent, I could repent, for mine man's company.

But you are not he Sir. If you be, you are wondrously chang'd.

I am sure his faults were not written on his forehead. God pardon him.

Now. If mine bee, you can best read them, 'tis your own hand writing.

Bea. Shee has done a cure on him. Hee spoke sense now. Alas Sir, that a faire hand should make such blots, what hand is it? Secretarie, Romane, Court, or Text? I have not seen the like: 'tis all dominicall letters, red Inke. His face is like an Almanack of all Holy eyes.

Tra. Sure tis Stenography, every Character a word: and here and there one for a whole sentence.

Bea. Here's one might serve for a whole History. The life and death of *Raw head*, and *Bloody bones*.

Now. I see I am not such an Assle, I would I might meet Sir but I am — Where's *Sir Paul*? If I doe not tell him —

Tra. What did you to prove to her thus?

Now. Nothing but what I can assure in a fort dee (see) well as — never gi' me credit I had warrant under

Bea. How Sir?

Now. By word of mouth sir.

Bea. That's about hand by your leave.

Tra. Is it so? Good Sir, his meaning was, you set her fairly on like a Lover, with sweet speeches, and good behaviour.

Now. Shee understands nothing that I can speake.

Bea. Nor any body else I thinke.

Tra. And therefore you fell to expresse your selfe in rude action. Shee has for'd you but well: you are a fine puzler to't indeede. *Sing.*

Con. Muⁿ not *Admire*, *Admire*, *Admire*, *Admire*, *Admire*.

And now I sigh and pray death for Phillips *our* Edid. viii. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840. 841. 842. 843. 844. 845. 846. 847. 848. 849. 850. 851. 852. 853. 854. 855. 856. 857. 858. 859. 860. 861. 862. 863. 864. 865. 866. 867. 868. 869. 870. 871. 872. 873. 874. 875. 876. 877. 878. 879. 880. 881. 882. 883. 884. 885. 886. 887. 888. 889. 890. 891. 892. 893. 894. 895. 896. 897. 898. 899. 900. 901. 902. 903. 904. 905. 906. 907. 908. 909. 910. 911. 912. 913. 914. 915. 916. 917. 918. 919. 920. 921. 922. 923. 924. 925. 926. 927. 928. 929. 930. 931. 932. 933. 934. 935. 936. 937. 938. 939. 940. 941. 942. 943. 944. 945. 946. 947. 948. 949. 950. 951. 952. 953. 954. 955. 956. 957. 958. 959. 960. 961. 962. 963. 964. 965. 966. 967. 968. 969. 970. 971. 972. 973. 974. 975. 976. 977. 978. 979. 980. 981. 982. 983. 984. 985. 986. 987. 988. 989. 990. 991. 992. 993. 994. 995. 996. 997. 998. 999. 1000.

DOUBLE EXPOSURES MADE TO COVER THE DIFFERENT DENSITIES THAT FREQUENTLY OCCUR.

Cosen; I understand you at full. And am glad that you
pointed out a probability to lead me out of this la-
vous to your desired end.
but the way you see in Sir, and you shall arrive
wishes: I to the end of my journey I to the end of
is put me into't her selfe too.
restraining her selfe from you the first night,
which Cosen, if I take not occasion to keepe my
er, a'l nights, dayes, and times hereafter, may the
oodies beget prodigious monsters and nothing else.
A fearefull vow I look at too. And I warrant shee lues
for the Divorce first.

Luc. May wee prone but as certaine as you are confident in
our other project, for recalling Cosen to her selfe, and mee
then

then to her, these fetters being shaken off, may they prove golden ones to you, I shall not envie you.

Tri. For her take no thought sir. The interest I have in her Turfesse, with the work I have fashion'd upon my Anvill, shall bring all to your wish. I expect to heare from him instantly.

Luc. He freely resigne your wish to you, and adde halfe I have to augment her estate to you. Oh I tremble to thinke on her: her presence shakes the house like an earthquake: the outrage of Prentizes is not so terrible to a Bawd or a Cutpurse, as her voyce is to me. Yet to you shee may be calme as the breath of friendship, and milde as the midnight whispers of chaste love.

Tri. Sir, I professe my affection flies eagerly at her. Shee takes me deeply, how euer you have mistaken one another. Oh here comes my Anvill! Mes thinks his very countenance invites me to strike him, though I know hee dos me good service now.

Enter Anvill.

An. Tis done sir. I warrant shee's plac'd, successfully, dee heare?

Tri. How prithee?

An. I have sent her before his Worship by a Constable.

Luc. Who has he sent? before whose Worship?

Tri. You shall know all. He has sent your cast whore before sir Paul.

Luc. The Mistery, Gentlemen?

Tri. The successe shall unfold it in good time to your and my benefit? doubt not, if she but follow her instructions.

Luc. Nay, if shee be not Mistris of her Art, there is no deceit among Trades-men, no bribery among Officers, no bankrupt out of Ludgate, nor Whore out of Bridewell.

An. And if I ha' not fitted her with a Second, my friend your hon, the Constable, then say there is no wit among Knaues, no want among Schollers, no rest in the graue, nor vnquietnesse in Marriage, dee heare?

Luc. Of which here comes the truest testimony.

Enter Fishbow, Pate, Widgins, Howdeo.

Fis. Out of my doores thou Miscreant.

Wid. Nay sister. O governour, art here.

Fis. Avoyd my house, and thus presently, he claw your skin off.

The Northern Lass.

off after your Limory else, and make you so much sicker then time makes all other serving Creatures.

Luc. Doe you talke of turning away my Man? You shall give me leave to turne away your *Howder* first, and then put off my, God a mercy how dost thou.

Fis. Am I sicke? flowted to my face? Is this fit vantage for a Wife?

Luc. A Wife? a Witch.

Fis. A Husband? a Hangman.

Luc. Out pisse.

Trid. Nay sir, indeed she fault is yours most extremely now. Pray sir forbear to straine beyond a Womans patience.

Fis. Am I scorned and revild?

Luc. Ah, ha ha.

Fis. Made a property for laughter?

Luc. A ha, ha.

Fis. Haue I no friend, no Seruant to command?

Luc. Ah, ha, ha,

Fis. Has my Ladiship made me so lamentable a thing, that I haue lost the power of a Mistris? You sir, run and call some friends to succour me, or Ile thrastle you.

Luc. Stirre but a foot sirah, or vtter but a syllable, and Ile cut your thrastle pipe.

How. I shall be care'd out betwixt them.

Fis. What will become of me? you, VVood-cock, Nini-hammer.

Wid. Haue you forgot my name sister? would not *Widgins* become your mouth, as well forget your natural brothers name?

Fis. Can you call me sister, and see me abas'd thus?

Wid. Fears for sisters; I am not to meddle with an other mans Wife. I am about one for my selfe. You mention'd her first to me. But I must be beholden to others wits and meanes to compasse her: or else——

Luc. Doe as I bid you, or——

How. O sir the'll rend me in peeces, teare me like a Larke.

Luc. Dost thou feare her or me. Do't or I——

How. Sir, there's Master *Widgins* can sing it rarely.

Luc. So he shall sir, and so will all; but you must put vs in. Begunne.

The Northern Lasse.

How. *Hey downe downe, &c.*
Wid. Sister, VVife, and all, is a present nothing to this.
Come round Gentlemen. Keepe her but off, and let me alone.

They all take hands, and dance round. VVidgine in the midst sings this Song. They all beare the burden, while shee scolds and strines to be amongst 'hem. Triidewell holds her off.

Wid. *Hee that marries a Scold, a Scold Song.*
Hee has most cause to be merry
For when shee's in her fits, he may christe his wife
By singing hey downe derry.

All. *Hey downe downe derry downe downe downe, &c.*

Ent. Bullfinch.

Bull. I cry you mercy Gallant. I apprehend you would be private.

Luc. O no Mister Bullfinch, you shall make one of our Councell.

Bull. I apprehend Gentlemen you are morally dispos'd in good sadness.

Wid. Apprehend a fooles head. Come into play.

All. I, I in with him, and about againe.

They pull him into the Room

Wid. *He that marries a merry Lasse.*
He has most cause to be sad:

For let her goe free in her merry tricks, shee
Will worke his Patience mad.

Burke that marries a Scold a Scold
like that wedd with a Rowing Scold
that will bawle (scold) him till hee

Though he studey all day to make her away
will be glad to please her at night.

And he that copes with a sulley Wench,

That (scold) will speake at all

Her doggadasse more then a Scold or a Whore,

Will perpertrate his Gall.

All. *Hey downe downe, &c.*
He that's matchd with a Twidle Dene,

That has in spleen done
Shall we so much life in the line of his wife
He were better be with his
But has that married a Scold, a Scold, a Scold

Discombe upon scorne, & turne it upon themselves Let me
rather be buried alive then be a scold
Slaves, Rascals, get ye all out of my doores
By reason of my
dayles, I charge yeed de not leave an Epigrame
yeed in the way you shall find it
Howe will this
Lord O Lord
Come bounding after my boyes
Oh how you wrongid me
Oh how you wrongid me
Sure I did apprehend this mirth, as right as could bee
possible the wronging my blood

Trid. Madame, I see too much of your vexation; and in-
deed I suffer too much with you. As I am a Gentleman I will
give you right friendly Councell, if you will heare me.

Fl. Sir I have perceived a humility in you, and doe looe it in
know not what to doe, nor whom to heere. I am
of bondage, and will take any course for my
Oh Master Bassard.

make to my purpose.

long beyond expression. This Gentleman
my sufferings. Pray come in Sir. I will heare
her with this Gentlemans advice.

your case is in my apprehension, most
be comfort in regard you seeke equite and
ever ready, and more fortunate offentimes
For I doe nothing but upon good reason and

And of the same Cell.
glorious good in these Countries
glorious good in these Countries
glorious good in these Countries
glorious good in these Countries
glorious good in these Countries
glorious good in these Countries
glorious good in these Countries
glorious good in these Countries
glorious good in these Countries
glorious good in these Countries

Yes. Sir I have perceived a humility in you, and doe looe it in

The Northern Lasse.

How. *Hey downe downe, &c.* *Luc.* *Howe youe like it?*
Wid. Sister, VVife, and ail, is a present nothing to this.
Come round Gentlemen. Keepe her but off, and let me alone.

They all take hands, and dance round. VVidgine in the midst sings this Song. They all beare the burden, while shee scolds and strines to be amongst 'hem. Troidewell holds her off.

Wid. *Hee that marries a Scold; a Scold,* *Song.*
Hee has most cause to be merry:
For when shee's in her fits, he may cherish his wife
By singing hey downe derry.

All. *Hey downe downe derry downe downe downe, &c.*

Ent. Bulfinch.

Bull. I cry you mercy Gallants. I apprehend you would bee private.

Luc. O no Master Bulfinch, you shall make one of our Councell.

Bull. I apprehend Gentlemen you are merrily dispos'd in good sadnesse.

Wid. Apprehend a fooles head. Come into play.

All. I, I in with him, and about againe.

They pull him into the Round.

Wid. *He that marries a merry Lasse,*
He has most cause to be sad:
For let her goe free in her merry tricks, shee
Will worke his Patience mad.
But he that marries a cold a Scold, &c.
He that wedd with a Roaring Cuck,
that will batt's cratch and bite;
Though he study all day to make her away,
will be glad to please her at night.
And he that copes with a sullen Wench,
That care will speake at all,
Her doggednesse more then a Scold or a Whore,
Will perpetrate his Gall.

All. *Hey downe downe, &c.*
He that's match'd with a Turle Dene,

That

The Shepherd's Passion

That has no spleen about her,

Shall waste so much life in the love of his wife,

He were better be without her.

But he that marries a Scullion, a Scullion, &c.

Fit. O, scorne vpon scorne, deride vpon deride: Let me rather be buried alive then be a scullion. *Sher. ynt. lofe.* Slaves, Rascals, get yee all out of my doores. By vertue of my nayles, I charge yee I doe not seele an Eye or a Nose amongst yee.

Howe. Wife. Bull. Ans. O Lord, O Lord.

Lucy. Come bounding after my boyes. *Ex. singing.*

Fit. Oh how am I wrong'd. *Ex. Omnes. greater Fit. Tri. Bull.*

Bull. Sure I did apprehend this mixt; as right as could be possible the wrong way.

Tri. Madame, I see too much of your vexation; and indeed I suffer too much with you. As I am a Gentleman I will give you right frendly Councell, if you will heare me.

Fit. Sir I haue percei'd humanity in you, and doe looe it in you. But I know not what to doe, nor whom to heare. I am fallen into the pit of bondage, and will take any course for my Redemption. Oh Master *Bull.*

Tri. This will make to my purpose.

Fit. Sir I am wrong'd beyond expression. This Gentleman is an eye witness of my sufferings. Pray come in Sir. I will heare your counsell together with this Gentlemans aduise.

Bull. Madame, your case is in my apprehension, most desperate, yet full of comfort in regard you seeke aduise and counsell. Mine is euer ready, and more fortunate oftentimes then Iudicious. For I doe nothing but vpon good reason and deliberation.

The end of the third Act.

Act. III. Sc. I.

Enter Squelch. Fallop. Foxbin.

Fox. Sir I beseech your worship, deale not so severely with mee.

Squ. Sirah I will teach you how to deal with Dealers, and not with vertuous Gentlewomen; bring *Innocency* before *Justice*; and be able to lay nothing to her charge.

Vex. Indeed sir, the Captaine inform'd me of her; and said he would be here ready to accuse her. Good sir.

Squ. Most officious Sir. What warrant had you? None. What is the Captaines name? you know not. Where's his lodging? you are ignorant. But here was your cunning; it appears most plainly, that you thinking her to bee one of the trades thought to make a Prey of her purse: which since your affrightment, could not make her open vnto you, you thought to make her *Innocency* smart for't. I will make your *Knavery* smart for't directly. Come is the *Mistress* ready? gi' mee't—

Writes and seals it.

Exit Clerk.

Vex. Good your worship, hold your hand. For my poore familie sake.

Squ. Here take him forth, and let the next Constable conuey him to *Newgate*.

Vex. Sir 'tis the first time that euer I offended in this kind. I pray your worship be of a better mind towards me.

Squ. Away I say directly. As I am in my right Mind and *Middlesex*, I will shew my iustice on thee.

Vex. Ah, ha, ha.

Squ. Do's the Knaue laugh? Bring him backe. May a man aske the cause of your Mirth? *Vex.* Sir I haue laught at the vexation of a thousand in my dayes. I hope I may haue leaue once in my life to laugh at mine owne.

Squ. Oh is it so? Pray hold you merry sir.

Vex. Ah, ha, ha, ha—

Exit.

Squ. Now Lady, wheress you were brought before me as a Delinquent, I retaine you as my Mistris. I like her beyond measure. A pretty young thing; new brought to a pace! Ah, ha! Shee has committed a little Countrey folly, as shee privately confesses. Whats that? It may stand in ranke with that they call vertue here; and then shee is content to line as privately as I please. Shee shall vp, I will winter and sommer her before shee shall see a high way of this Towne. Shee's for my turne directly. *Mistis Holdup* is your name for you?

Hold. Camilla Holdup sir. A poore Gentlewoman. My father

ther

sher bore the office of a Commissioner for the peace in the
YVest country, till Misfortune wrought him out of his
hands.

Squ. Holdup I have heard of him, and know what was
that stroke him. He liv'd by the Seaside; I was trading with
the Pirates. Buying their goods, and selling them victuals.

Held. Tis too true sir. He paid for me last, that
I have no more; but my bare breeding, and what I hear about
me to live upon.

Squ. Which is enough, enough directly; if you can bear
your selfe discretely, and containe your selfe within those
bounds of Fortune, in whichills plant you. Alas good soule,
weepe not; let Money and Authority bee thy comfort. By
which thou shalt feele no want, nor feare no danger. But to
our busines. I have already acquainted you with my Neece
Constance's disease; and that shee is remou'd out of my house for
her health. I will lodge you at a trusty Tenants house where she
is unknowne. You shall take her name vpon you.

Held. Which is mine owne already.

Son. And if you can but a little counterfet her Melancholly,
you may freely passe for her; and my access to thee, my
sweet Girl, shall crowne vs with felicity of delight and pleasure.

Held. Sir, you have most worthily made me your owne;
and all my study shall be to obey you.

Squ. Now had I but a fit attendant for the person of my loue!

Held. Some simple honest body sir.

Squ. Then we were fitted. How now.

Ent. Clarke.

Clar. My Lady *Luckes* man desires to speake with you.

Squ. Stand you by vntill a while. Send him in. I doe ex-
pect some Message now, in the behalfe of her vnlucky Lady-
ships wife's brother, Master *Widgins*, touching my Neece. Now
tend how doe's my good Lady?

Ent. Howard.

How. I left her very ill sir; for shee has beaten me, and thrust
me out of doores with her owne hands, without penny in my
purse, or other Cloake of my back; then the bare Linory, that a
cast Seruingman can not shake off, of Kneare and Beggar.

Squ. Thou leftst her very ill indeed. But well, thou wouldst
haue beene meane to requite thee in thy Lady.

How. In her seruice sir.

Squ.

Squ. I speake by a figure *Humfrey* as if I were to be inward with, or indeed within a Mistris first be a servant in the most Courtly phrase.

How. I sir. Those are conuentional Seruants first. Wee are conuentional seruants. They are respected about husbandrie: Wee are abased beneath house hold. They perswade in place, husbandry, and offences oftentimes with their Ladies in noyes, when wee finde not our wages without hard words, and are in feare, (poore makes) to haue our sloughes pulled ouer our ears before the yeare goes about. Wee drudge for our Ladies, they play with their Ladies. But the best is, wee labour and sweate it out for our Ladies, when they are faine to take Physick, and lye in for their Ladies.

Squ. Most intelligent *Humfrey*. Let vs retire to the purpose. Put case I haue a Mistris in store for you; to whom I may commend you vpon my owne credit, and undertake for your entertainment and meanes by my owne purse. What would you say? what would you doe?

How. Sir, I will say out the Gent. vthers Grammar to you, and doe her seruice by the rules.

Squ. Well said directly.

Incipit Humfrids. Say your part, to the effect of the first part of the
How. In a Gentleman Vnder there be eight parts. Boldnesse, Nestlesse, Flattery and Seueresie rewarded. Diligence, Obedience Truth and Honesty, vnrrewarded.

Squ. What is his Boldnesse?

How. His Boldnesse is the use of his Manhood in his Ladies honour, degree, place or priuiledge, as hee is in private or publique meetings for the hadd, for the the what she will, for the what she calls.

Squ. How is it rewarded?

How. By obtaining the Surg made one of the Gent. P. tricoates. Which if hee be a Taylor or as most of our sort of Professours are, hee is thereby made a Man in spight the proverbe, and thrust into the high way of advancement.

Squ. Neatnesse *Humfrey*. His neatnesse now?

How. His neatnesse consists most inwardly, first. Not onely in the decent wearing of those clothes and Eleaphonon, pruning his haire, ruffling his Bootes, mending his shooes, yet; these are poore expressions, a Iourney-man Barber will doe't. But to doe

Squ. I speake by a figure *Humfrey* for to be inward with, or indeed within a Mistis is to be a servant in the most Countly phrase.

How. I sir. Those are conuenient Seruants fit. Wee are contentant seruants. They are respected above husbands. Wee are abased beneath floues. They put us in place, honours, and offices oftentimes with their Ladies in boyes, when wee finde not our wages without hard words, and are in feare, (poore snakes) to haue our sloughes pulled ouer our eares before the yeare goe about. Wee drudge for our Ladies, they play with their Ladies: But the best is, wee labour and sweate it out for our Ladies, when they are faine to take Physick, and lye in for their Ladies.

Squ. Most intelligent *Humfrey*. Let vs retire to the purpose. Put case I haue a Mistis in store for you; to whom I may commend you vpon my owne credit, and undertake for your entertainment and meanes by my owne purse. What would you say? what would you doe?

How. Sir, I will say ouer the Gent. vthers Grammar to you, and doe her seruice by the rules.

Squ. Well said directly?

Incipit Humfrides: Say your part.

How. In a Gentleman Vnder there be eigh parts. Boldnesse, Neatnesse, Flattery and Secrecie; rewarded. Diligence, Obedience Truth and Honesty, vnrewarded.

Squ. What is his Boldnesse?

How. His Boldnesse is the vse of his Manhood in sight of his Ladies honour, degree, place or priuiledge, at home, abroad, in private or publique meetings for the hard, for the well, for the what she will, for the what she calls.

Squ. How is it rewarded?

How. By obtaining such Styes made out of cast Gownes or Pericootes. Which if hee be a Taylor, as most of our middle sort of Professours are, hee is thereby made a Man in spight of the prouerbe, and thrust into the high way of advancement.

Squ. *Peige Humfrey*. His neatnesse now?

How. His neatnesse consists most simply sir. Not onely in the decent wearing of those clothes and cleane linnen, pruning his haire, ruffling his Boote, and ordering his shoos eyes; these are poore expressions, a Iourney-man Barbar will doe't. But to doe

doe his office neatly, his garbe, his pace, his posture, his com-
on and his countenance, his countenance, his voice, his

Squ. His Howdees.

How. In which a profound iudgement would be possible.

Squ. I beleue thee.

How. And the most absolute or artificial memory seat of the
rack. To be able to relate how this Ladies tooth doth; and to-
ther Ladies toe. How this Ladies Milk doth; and how tothers
Doctor lik'd her last water: how this Ladies husband; and
how tother Ladies dogge slept last night; how this childe, that
Monke, this Bluse, that Parke, and althousand such. Then his
neatnesse in Chamber-wooke; or about the person of his Lady,
in case her Mayd or her Woman be otherwise occupied to con-
uey a pin into her ruffe neatly; or adde a help to her head dres-
sing, as well as *John among the Maydes*. Lastly, his dexterity in
Caruing, and his discretion in Marshalling of meates; to giue
euery maffe the due seruice; and euery dish his lawfull pre-
minence.

Squ. And how is this neatnesse rewarded *Humphrey*?

Hum. Doubly sir: at boord and at bed: by good bits, and the
loue of the Chambermayde.

Squ. Well *Humphrey*, because wee will not make this scene
toolong, we will omit the rest: briefly why are your last foure
parts, Diligence, Obedience, Truth and Honesty vnrewarded?

Hum. Sir, They are parts that spring out of vertue, and are
therefore borne with their reward in their mouthes, and ought
to expect no further from any seruice in these times.

Squ. Most edifying *Humphrey*, I haue a Mistris in store for thee.

How. I long to see her sir.

Squ. Didst thou neuer see my Neece *Constance*?

How. No sir. But I haue heard thee is distord with Melan-
cholly; and if she should proue mad too; like my old Lady, I were
then as farre to seeke as ere I was.

Squ. Feare it not *Humphrey*. My vntireless by care. Neece
come forth.

Enter Constance. I shall fix you with a ser-
uice. Fall to your Postures *Humphrey*. Your Carpes. I like doe
his posture. So. Your Pace. So. Your Countenance. So.
Hand your Lady. Good. Arme your Lady. Good still. Side
your Lady. Very good. Draw out your Lady. Excellent. Pre-
sent

sent your Lady. Singular well, good *Humphrey*,
How. Sir, I can Shoulder my Lady to; but that is when she takes Coach; and Foot my Lady, when she slights.

Squ. Precious *Humphrey*, I admire thy Art.

How. I learnt all of a good old Ladies man in the Strand fir, that must be namelesse.

Squ. Now *Humphrey*, Walke your Lady to the Burse.

How. O most Hostlerly spoken! Vnder correction fir, Wayt your Lady I pray fir.

Squ. Well said *Humphrey*. Here's something for my instruction. Now wayt your Lady to the Burse. She has some trisles to buy there. I will finde you there presently, and conduct you to your lodging.

Gives her money.

Held. What shall I doe with all this fir? I would indeed buy an ounce or two of thread; some Netting pins and Needles, and a Frame to flourish my waite on. Hereafter I will worke in gold and silver, if you please, for your owne wearing.

Squ. As I would wish! her simplicity takes mee about her beauty. Goe I say. I'll follow. Mpe thinks I eene soke my selfe, thanke my selfe for being in this good humour. What I haue is mine owne, and I will be merry with it directly.—Exit

ACT. III. SC. II.

Enter *Fickow*, *Tridewell*, *Bulfinch*, *Widgins*, *Whittle*.

Fic. Gentleman, you now know the calamity I suffer vnder. And you haue shew'd me the best way to comfort: for which I thanke you. I haue given you my resolution for a Divorce, vpon condition. Before which, I must promise you nothing fir. But I assure you in the meane time, you stand prime in my affection: for I haue in all found you a right worthy Gentleman.

Tri. Madam, I haue not vterance to declare my acceptance of your loue. It must therefore be lock'd vp in my breast, the treasure of my heart. Now for the condition vpon which your Divorce depends, we must see that perform'd, and then—

Fic. Sir, I will make good more then I now may promise.

Tri. You speake nobly.

Fic.

The Northern Lady.

Tri. It will cost a little too much of womanly willfulness: I confesse. But all my willfulness (that I'll promise you sir) shall die in the end of this business.

Tri. Well then, before your discreet neighbour M. Bassett here. If you have not your will in this, I will disclaim in your favour hereafter. Sir, the condition is (as you may remember—

Bul. I apprehend it Sir. That sir Paul Signet's his Niece be first married or contracted; and then she consents to a divorce: And that you be assistant to her brother here to obtaine her for him.

Tri. To which I promise my ready helpe, onely I must not appeare in the business.

Bul. I will onely appeare in it, for I will not be seene in the matter.

Tri. As how sir?

Bul. As thus sir. I will keepe your counsell: not onely in holding my peace to all the world; but in saying nothing to sir Paul himselfe. Doe apprehend me sir?

Tri. And thanks you sir. Now every man to his part M. Widgins. You have both your sisters and my best directions already, which I doubt not but with the helpe of your Governour you will make good use of. Madame will you in, and but with well to our proceedings, and trouble your thoughts no further.

Ex. severally.

An. Sir, what helpe he has of me, is for the Ladies and his owne sake, not your's doe heare.

Wid. No blustering now good Governour: Prithee restraime thy fury. Thou shalt never heare nor speak to that Gent. with any patience; and yet he is on our side now. Prithee let's lose no time. I never long'd more for my mothers coming from a Christmas, then to be at this Northern Lasse. — *Ex.*

Act. III. Sc. III.

Enter Trillem, Trained, Hallop.

Tri. Wanton, you have begun propiciously: Proceede but confidently, and I'll warrant thee a wealthy husband by it, or a composition that may prove the better purchase.

Bul. Sir, be you and this Lady but consistent of my fidel-

ty, and trust me in this action, and if I breake not the coyles your Kinsman is in, and make you Mistress of my Interest in sir Paul, let all the good you intended me, be a lockram Coife, a blew Gowne, a Wheele and a cleane Whip. You are sure the Lady will yeild to a Divorce, if *Constance* whom I now personate be first married or contracted.

Tri. Right. Shee doe's but hold off till then, and that wilfully; because shee feares it is for *Constances* toue onely, that her Husband desires the Divorce.

Hol. And you are sure that *Constance* is safe from her discovery.

Tra. I vpon the hazard of my discretion.

Hol. To any then that knowes her not very well, if I appeare not the same *Constance*—you haue given me her Character right?

Tra. The best that we can possibly.

Hol. Nay, I haue a further helpe then, you both imagine yet.

Tri. *Tra.* May wee know it.

Hol. It shall be no secret. My Seruant *Horndes*, whom you and sir Paul, suppose his Lady turn'd away, was by her Ladiship taught onely to faigne it; and cunningly instructed to worke himselfe into the service of *Constance*, to further her brothers proceedings. And since fortune has put him vpon me, whom hee takes to bee the same Mistress, if I make not apt vse of it—

Tri. Tis most fairely omenous: Come Lady. Hee cannot but bee at hand; and but stay may doe hurt. (You remember the Doctors lodging I told you of, and sir *Philipps* appointment, to meet you there an houre hence?)

Tra. All sir. I would vse no other. She is there already.

Tri. No more then; away. Fare you well sweet Creature.

Ex.

Hol. If my deceit now, should bee discovered, before my worke be ended, my Brain-tricks might perhaps, in stead of all these faire hopes, Purchase me the Last. For *Phew*, my flesh eene trembles to thinke on't. It brings likewise into my consideration, the baseness of my condition: how much vnpartied the punishment of a Whore is, and how sedainly it overtakes her! My ioynt Conspiratours are in no danger, I only run the hazard.

hazard, though they are as deepe in fact as my selfe. Well. If I scape this pull, and draw any fortune by t, ile change my function sure. A common Whore? He be a Nun rather. They come most suly, and I must into my fir———*Withdraws behind the hanging.*

Act. III. Sc. III.

Enter Widgins, Anville, Howden.

How. Indeed sir, it was my Ladies plot, but you must take no notice of it.

Wid. Ile thanke her with all my heart, and shee shall neuer know on't.

How. But if sir *Paul*, my now Master should discover my deceit, how shall I scape his vengeance?

An. What dost thou thinke of me, weake fellow? Am not I a Commander, ha?

How. I, in the warre Captaine: but thee is a Iustice of Peace, and a Commander of Captaines in *Middlesex*; sends two or three drunken Ones to *Newgate* at a clap sometimes.

Wid. Feare no discovery *Humphrey*. Let me but see her, and Ile warrant thee.

How. Shee'll see none but sir *Phillip*, you must be no body else. Remember that; you must know no other name you have. Now if you can sir *Phillip* is handsomely there's it.

Wid. I warrant thee, and my Governour shall sir *Phillip* me at every word; and if I doe not sir *Phillip* her, better then ever shee was *Phillips* in her life, then say I am no Legitimate *Widgins*.

An. His pax your strength or reach either by force I beleene. I doubt your middle finger is too short Master *Widgins*.

How. Well I must venter it. Here shee comes. *Has a Baby.*
An. What's shee doing. Ods me making a Baby I thinke. Are you good at that ifaith? Ile be at that sport with you, it shall cost me a fall else.

How. Oh shee has a hundred such spish toys. Ecne now shee was great with Child fortooth as shee could goe. And was perswaded shee had a Child as big as I in her belly. I wondered at it, and shee told me shee had had a hundred there as big in her dayes.

The Numbers Last.

Wid. What, what?

How. I but thee knew not what thee said. By and by, I must be a Man-Midwife forsooth and deliver her: for swas past all Womans skill? Now thee thinkes thee is brought a bed, and nurses the Child her selfe.

Wid. And who's the father?

How. O none but sir *Phillip*.

Wid. Ile father it as well as hee. Ist a Boy or a Girlie trow. Would thee would make a Christning Banquet while wee are here. Harke thee sings.

Song.

Peace Wayward Barns; O cease thy mone;

Thy farre more Wayward Daddy's gone;

And neuer will recalled be

By cries of either thee, or me;

For should wee cry,

untill wee dye,

Wee could not scame his crameby.

Ballow, Ballow, &c.

How needs might in himselfe foreses,

What thou (necessinely might'st be;

And could hee then, (though we foregoe)

His Infant leave, ere hee did know,

How ling the Dad

would bee the Lad,

In time, to make some Maydams glad?

Ballow, Ballow, &c.

Wid. How is this pretty Mrs. *Constance*, that you complaine of your Loue before he be lost?

Hel. Who be you I pray?

Wid. Pray thee tell her Gouvernour. I ha' not the heart to lye now.

Ans. It is sir *Phillip* Lady, come to doe you right, Des heare?

Hel. Yes sir, I heare you vary weell; and could eene wish i' my heart I could beleene you.

Ans. Speake your selfe sir.

Wid. You may Mistris *Constance*; for as I am an honest man,

I neuer meant to wrong you.

Hol. I doe beleue you sir. But pray protest no more by that name till you make your selfe such by marrying me. You haue gotten a barme by me, I is sure o' that.

Wid. I come for the same purpose Sweet-heart. Ile both father and keepe thy Child, and make thee an honest Woman. Giue mee your hand before this Gentleman, and your Seruant here; and say but the word; ile get a Licence presently, fetch you away, and dispatch you to nig br.

Sing.

Hol. *Marry me, marry me, quoth the bony Lasse: and when will you beginne.*

Wid. *As for thy wedding Lasse wed I doe well enough, in spite o' the best o' thy Kins.*

Hol. I can but thanke you, obey you, and pray for you sir.

Wid. Governour; wilt thou beleue me? It eene pities my heart, to wrong to sweet a peece of simplicity. But Fortune has drest her for me to feed on; and Ile fall to.

Ans. Or the Deuill to choake you. Well boystrous Master *Tridwell*, your Ropes and hath driven me into a busines, here, deserves a whole Rope. But I hope that *Destiny* attends not me, though this Mariage be his: And since it is his Fate, faire befall it him, I am discharged.

VVid. Come Governour, we are agreed; lets goe that wee may hie vs againe, and dispatch.

Hol. Nay sir. You shall not say, you married me for nought: you shall heare me sing before you goe.

Ans. What an Owfell tis I see meanes hee shall marry her for a Song. Birlady a competent Moderne portion.

Song.

Hol. *As I was gathering Aprill's flowers,*

Has straight let fall one of his showers;

Which drave me to an arbour.

Twere better I my Lap had fill'd.

Although the wet my clothes had spill'd,

Then to ha' found that harbour

For there a subtle Serpent was,

Close lying, lurking in the Grass.

And there while burning I thinking,

The Northern Lasse.

*Still watching when the Showre would clye,
Lay listning to a Bird,
That singing sat upon the Bower,
Her noyes unto the falling Showre,
The Snake beneath me stird;
And with his sting gave me a clap,
that swole my belly not my lap.*

Wid. By my troth tis pretty.

Hol. And by my conscience tis true, twere made i' Durham,
on a Lasse of my bignesse.

Ans. And in thy clothes I beleue.

Hol. But will you be gan now, than all my ioy leaues me.

Wid. Sweet soule, thou shalt haue thy ioy againe. I will ioy
thee, enioy thee, and ouer ioy thee. Gouvernour let vs fly about
this busines. I will not sleepe, before I haue got a License,
stolne her away, wedded her, bedded her, and put her in her
wits againe.

Ans. Are you able to doe that thinke you?

Wid. Ile warrant thee: for all Maids are mad till they be
married.

Ans. What say you to that Lady. Pox on you, I run
sweet hazard to aduance your fortune, doe I not?

Hol. Remember your Couenant with Master *Tridmop*
Captaine. And when the worke is done, here's my hand, you
shall partake of what I get by't. And harke you.

Wid. Shee may perhaps, when shee comesto her selfe, and
finds me to be no sir *Phillip*, be a litle startled. But I meane the
first night to put so much of my owne loue into her, as shall
worke out his I doubt not, or any his that came there before
mee.

Ent. Howdes.

How. O Gentlemen! my Masters comming, alls spoild if
hee take you. Part quickly.

Hol. Is mine Vncle comd? and may we part thence?

Ans. Kisse, and part; kisse and part.

Wid. Sweet heart, not a word of mee till I come to fetch
you off with honour.

Hol. All benisfons bee with you. Indeed you be the goodli-
est man, that ere made Maiden faine.

Wid.

Wid. Poore heart, face does. I doe not know how much I
am in debt to my conscience, till I haue made her amends.—*Ex.*

Hol. This may breed good blood. *W.* I come but as well off
o' my old Vncle, as am like to come on with my young Cousen,
here will be a match vnlook'd for; a match without treaty; a
match vntalk'd or vnheard of. Hee is coming before I haue
shifted my face. Mee thinks I heare the rustling of his bristles
hither. Yet my lips must stand the assault; pray loue the Por-
cupine, leaue none of his quills in 'hem.

Act. IIII. See. V.

Enter Squelch to Haldup.

Squ. Where's my Girl? My hony sweet Girl? Kisse mee;
Kisse I say directly: I'll secure thee. As I am a Man of Authori-
ty, and that of *Middlesex*, I'll secure thee. Ha my Lasse, these
lips haue the true *Elixir* in 'hem indeede, to restore youth and
strength; past all *Medea* charms, or vwhat the Poets vwould
haue faid. How now I vseepe my Loue? I hope my Neeces
habit has not wrought her disease into thee.

Hol. No: now I see you sir, I am well: perfectly well: yet
pardon me sir. Your absence cannot but breed me feares, when
I haue leasure to thinke on my vnworthy condition, and the
danger I vndergoe in't.

Squ. 'Twas a thousand pitties that this Wench was seduc'd.
Shee might haue made a Wife for a good Esquire. Shee would
serue a Tradesman yet, most vnblemishably. And vwhen I haue
done vvith her, doing that for her, as I meane to doe. She may
perhaps match with a younger brother, purchase him a place,
aduance his fortune, to bee able in the end to repay her vvith a
Ladiship. 'Tis not vvithout a president; and I will help her to
follow the example directly. For vwhat I haue is mine owne,
and I vvill be merry vvith it. Ha my bird, my chick I Kisse me.
Kisse me vp. So. Kisse me vp I say. So againe. Then ha't don't
directly. Maintaine it now, vvith a cordiall kisse. So, so, so.
Good. Very good; and while it is so, a vvord with you in pri-
uate. Come my bird, mh mh mh. *Enter Howdie.*

How. Sir, there's a vvoman below.—

Squ. Sir, vwhat haue I to doe with any vvoman below:
Doe you with your vvoman below. I am very well here.

K

How.

How. Is the olde man mad trow. Sir, shee will haue to doe with you aboue, if you speake not with her below. I had much a doe to keepe her downe stayres, her case is so lamentable she sayes. I neuer saw a vvoman so importunate in my life sir. You must downe sir.

Squ. I am downe already. All's naught. What limb of the deuill is't? Do'st thou know her?

How. Shee sayes shee is vvife to a Constable sir, that you lately committed; and if your Wor. dos not release him presently, that hee's vndone, and shee's vndone, all their children are vndone, that vnborne in her belly is vndone, and I know not how many more are vndone for euer.

Squ. Hell take her. How could she know that I was here?

How. Shee spied you in the Streete sir, and followed you, and follow you shee vvould, had you gone into the Priuy Chamber she sweares; her cause enforces her she sayes. And shee is so great with childe too, that no man dares gine her a thrust to keepe her back. I heare her blow vp stayres.

Squ. Keepe her downe, I'll follow thee — *Ex. How.*

Hol. Good sir be pittifull for the vvomans sake, and release him. Perhaps her reckoning is out, and she has no body to call the Midwife.

Squ. I must home to my Clarke then: for I cannot write here; nor do any good besides I am so vex'd. But I will returne to thee in the evening, Duck: And since I am so apt to be spied, I will come disguis'd.

Hol. Indeed I'll put out the Candle when you are here then, for I shall never endure to see other shape of Man. O these trunke hols are a comely wearing.

Squ. I will be disguis'd directly. I will runne through all the shapes of *Iupiter*, before I will againe be prevented. Farewell. O my sweet I Arden in the cunning expect me. — *Exit.*

Hol. Sweet sayst thou? Thou art not I'll sweare. I am glad he was prevented. I should neuer held out a course with him, that cannot endure a breathing: a Cheese-shop on fire cannot out-stinke him.

Enter Hamlet.

How. Your Vncle's gone Mistris, and sayes hee will be here at seuen a clock againe. But shall I tell you a fine thing Mistris?

Hol. Yea marry *Hamfry*, what may that be and is not of Sir *Philip*.

How.

The Northern Lass.

How. But it is of him Mistris. Hee sayes hee will bring a Coach for you at fixe a clock to fetch you away: will you goe with him?

Hol. By my saule that will I an't be all the world over.

How. How shalt your Vncle finde you at 7 then?

Hol. Wee'll leave him at fix and seauens. I meane betwixt both. 'Twill be trim trust me. And hear' st thou me *Humfrey*. Thou must bid Mistris *Troywell* come to me a little before six, for a very good reason.

How. Hmh——

Hol. Nay, it shall hinder nothing. Wee'll away the faster.

How. I thinke she be in her wits already. If not, I must humour her, though I bee put to the trouble to shift her away againe. Shee shall marre no sport that's certaine.

Hol. Come with me *Humfrey*, thou shalt goe cene now, and tell her; and I'll be packing vp the while. ——— *Ex.*

How. This Clinches. I shall winne my Ladies heart for euer. To mannage two such busineses more, were enough to raise me Agent for a State. *Ex.*

The end of the fourth Act.

Act. V. Scene I.

Pate in a Doctors habit. *Troywell*, *Constance*.

Pate. To discourse a tedious Lecture vnto you, Lady, in speaking philosophically of the disease of Melancholly, were to shew more learning then discretion. There are large volumes of it in Print, to very slender purpose.

Tra. Sir, I desire rather your discretion, then the glosse of Learning. I am rather govern'd by the wholesome effects of the one, then the smooth directions of the other.

Pa. To the point then Lady. I see no reason why I should vex and torment this delicate and tender body, with Physick. Her disease is Melancholly; The cause of this disease I have found apparantly in the two houres probation since you left her with me, to be Love, which shee hath so greedily taken in, that it hath overwhelm'd her spirits, and turn'd the faculties of all her senses into a rude confusion, sending forth the vie of them extravagantly.

Tra. Sir, I must not onely approue, but applaud your skill. 'Tis loue indeed, And I am right glad that your opinion iumps with my owne knowledge: for now I doubt not of your speedy adresse to the cure.

Pa. 'Tis done in three words. The Party that shee loath, must be the Doctor, the Medicine, and the Cure.

Tra. Sir, the Gentleman is below, he came with me, onely I would not bring him to her sight without your approbation, fearing it might doe hurt.

Pa. Pray call him vp, on perill of my judgement. *Ex. Tra.* Give me your hand *M^r. Constance.* I haue good newes for you.

Con. 'Tis a long while fine I heard ony.

Pa. The Gentleman, whom you loue best, shall be your bed-fellow.

Con. He is wed already Sir. Another wife would gar him be put downe at gallowes: and I would not bee shie for all the wordly good that ere I saw with both mine eyes. And o' my conscience I'll be none of his Ligby for twise to nickle.

Pa. She prattles very prettily me thinks. Married already? Sure *Cupid* shot you with a forked arrow out of his *Crosbow*. But what will you say Lady, if by my Art I render this Gentleman vnmarried againe, and a Suter vnto you presently?

Con. Marry, shall I tell you what I'll say first? That deserues hanging worse then tother matter, you would poyson his wife by your Art, woud yee? and make your gowne there the Hangmans fee the second time? It lookes as it had beene once his already; and you like such a Doctor I mun tell yee, by your leaue. God blisse me fro thee. *M^r. Traynwell* where are you?

Pate. Out of her wits say they? I feare shee is wiser then all of vs, that haue to doe with her. Shee knowes my gowne better then I doe: for I haue had but two houres acquaintance with it. 'Tis no longer since I hir'd it of the hangmans Merchant a Broker. It might ha' beene *Lopm* gowne for ought I know.

Act V. Scene II.

Enter Traynwell and Lucklesse to them.

Tray. They are false out I thinke.

Con. O *M^r. Traynwell*, for deare Charities sake ha' me soone
fro

first this Man: for I'll nere take any thing at him. Hee talks of poysoning.

Pa. By my faith you wrong me: Nor of any poysoning purpose. I was but putting a case of——

Con. Pray put vp your Pipes sir. I like not your Musicke: troth nor his countenance nather. Sweet M^r. *Traywell* gar me be shut on him. Now all the joyes of Immortality light o' yee sir.

To Lucklesse.

Pa. Is that the Gent?

Tra. Yes sir. Pray obserue. But how fell you out sir?

2^d. I must first salute him by your favour. Sir, all the accumulations of honour shewre downe vpon you.

Luc. Sir. May you reape the vvhole harvest of your fruitfull wishes.

Con. Deare sir, keepe further fro' him.

Pate. But one vword sweet Lady; and you shall haue the vvhole benefit of his presence to your selfe.

Tra. Be not afraid sweet-heart, he dares not hurt sir *Phillip*.

Con. In troth he breathes to neare him.

Tra. I warrant you. What has hee done to mence her thus? I know not what this obscure Doctor is. But M. *Tridewell* put me vpon him; and his approved honesty has and must kill all mistrust in me.

Pate. Your Coach is ready at dore yon say.

Luc. Yes my most delicate Doctor.

Pate. As you finde her then, after a few vwords away vwith her. I haue perform'd my part sir. He hold the discreet Countenance in talke in the next roome.

Con. But one word call yee this?

Pate. I ha' done sweet soule. Lady I haue instructed the gent. Shall we leaue them?

2^d. One vword, by your leaue first M. Doctor, and I'll attend you. Sir not alone my Discretion, but my Reputation lies at stake: and I make no doubt of your noblenesse vpon your Kinsmans word, my Complotter in this busines. Therefore while I hold argument with the Doctor (who shal by no means perceiue our deceit) slip you away with her in your Coach, where M. *Tridewell* hath appointed, till the Evening; and let me alone to scuffie with the old man the while. And then I doubt

The Northern Lasse.

not all our troublesome labours shall have a peaceable end. Ile send old Mad-cap to your Lady in a Thunder-clap. But noble sir, your reputation —

Luc. My life and honour be her Guard, and your security.

Tra. No more sir. Ile lay no conjurations vpon so noble a spirit. Come Master Doctor — *Soft Musick, Ex. Tra. Pauc.*

Luc. But doe you loue me *Constance*?

Con. O right weell sir.

Luc. And will you be my Woman?

Con. I is sure, ile neuer be mine owne else.

Luc. But you will not goe away with mee now, if I request you?

Con. Any whither but to bed before wee be married.

Luc. What from your Gouvernesse, your Vncle, and all the World?

Con. And thanke you too sir. And ta'mee but fro' this ill looking Doctor; for I shall be weell with you sir.

Luc. Come, since you trust me so well, wee two will not part till wee are lawfully made one.

Con. Heauen blisse the houre you speake in, and all Saints be witnes.

Ex.

Act. V. Sce. III.

Enter *Squelch*, meeting *Trainewell*, and *Pauc.*

Musick continues.

Squ. Where's this Doctor? where's this melancholly Gentlewoman?

Tra. O me is hee come?

Pa. Is this her Vncle?

Tra. Euen he sir. Where's my charge; *Mistress Constance*?

Pa. Saue yee sir. Ile goe find her — *Ex.*

Squ. Where's my charge? Ile goe find her! What's the meaning?

Tra. Shee was here but now sir, while the Musick plaid, And wee withdrew our selues, thinking she might sleepe sir.

Squ. There went a Coach away as I came in. Whose was it?

Tra. A Coach sir? Alas I am affraid; my flesh trembles.

Squ. At what in your great Master the Diuels name? Where's my Niece?

Tra.

Tra. Sir here came in one Master *Widgeon*, the Lady *Lucilla* Brother——

Squ. Well.

Tra. As acquainted with the Doctor sir ——

Squ. VVell, well.

Tra. And he saw her sir. But seem'd to depart, when wee withdrew our selues to talke about the cure.

Squ. Very very well. While you were wisely talking about the cure, a *Widgeon* flies away with the Patient. Where's this Doctor? Doctor I say. Doctor! Hee's run away too, my life on't. A meere plot, a Conspiracie; tis so directly, below there. I can not see how it can bee otherwise. *Ent. Clark.* Saw you the Doctor? Yes sir, hee went now forth at the water-Gate, and tooke boat in hast.

Squ. Exceeding well! How came your Discretion acquainted with this Doctor?

Tra. Sir he was reported to me by very good Iudgements, to be a rare Practitioner.

Squ. A most rare fellow, and do's admirable tricks, by slight of heeles. But I may perhaps out-run 'hem —— *Ex.*

Tra. My purge workes as I wisht. I am amus'd though at the sight of the Doctor. But I haue too many busineses to in-
Ex.
ertaine new thoughts.

Act. V. Sc. V.

Enter Tridewell, Fitchow.

Fis. May I beleeue it, Good sir? may I be so happy, that my brother has her?

Tri. As I haue truth in me, I am most credibly told so. Mary the worst is, her Vncle is so mad at their escape, that hee will neuer giue consent to the match, whereby her portion will bee lesse.

Fis. Hang him Clod. My will shall be a portion sufficient to my brother, I care not, though hee giue her not a penny, so *VVas* has the Wench.

Tri. Make you noe more doubt of that, then I doe *Madame*, who haue vpon the report of it already, prepar'd the Learned of the Cinill Law, those that you nominated of your good acquaintance, and are forward to doe you the best office,
who

who have appointed to meet before the Iudge of the Archdeacons Court present'y, whither I have promised to bring, and will attend you.

Fis. But the other side must be summonsd by proccesse.

Tri. Sir *Philip* hath warning already *Madame*; and without needlesse proccesse will bee there before you, and wait your coming. So that my selfe and his servant, who have never beene both absent from one of your companies, since your Mariage, iustly deposing you never did the reallest Rite of Mariage, the bed office, *Madame*; you both consenting, and desiring a Diuorce, It is instantly graunted, without any proceedings in Law. So that all will be ended in three whispers. Ods pittie, looke who here is.

All. V. See. V.

Enter *Squire* to *Fitchew*.

Squ. O are you here my Lady *Luckesse*?

Fis. Twas time you found me fir; you might haue my name else. For within this houre, I might haue the ancient title of your friend, and *Andrey Fitchew*.

Squ. Show w^ow, where is my Neece?

Fis. Where are your wits fir? you come vpon a What Neece? What's the matter?

Squ. My Neece *Censtance*, that your brother *Widge* from the Doctor, and is flowne away withall. But hee will thinke to scape so? I may take him, and his Duck too, in my Decoy, before they be coupled, as sure as your Ladiship, or your *Fitchew*-ship, and they thinke your selues.

Fis. Sure the old Gentleman is fallen mad. What hath happened?

Squ. The plot smels of your Ladiships policy; your Ladiships Lilly white fist is scoule in the busines. But I will haue a bout at fisticuffs in Law with your Ladiship: your great acquaintance, and alliance in the Whatshical Court *Non obstante*. Your power there must not cary it, my great Lady. Directly it must not.

Fis. You are an vnciuill greasie Companion, to vpbraide and reuile me thus in my owne house.

Tri.

Tri. O good Madame, hurt not your selfe with anger
better laugh it out.

Fi. Hee makes me forget my selfe by his example. Sir you
are a Commissioner for the Peace I take it. Doe's it become a
Man of your place and gravity, to fly out in these extreames?
You spend too much breath in these lowd noates, very hurtfull
to the Lungs. If you will fall into a lower Key, and speake
peaceably, I will answer you.

Squ. I pray you, Forsooth, or sweet Madame, or what you
pleale; Where is my Neece?

Fi. Will you beleue mee sir? you may. Fortis Truth, as I
haue say; And before this vworthy Gentleman; I neuer saw
your Neece in my life; only I haue heard shee is a pretty Gen-
tlevoman; likely to make a good Match, for vvhich I told my
brother of her, and vvhould haue treated with you for her;
I haue spoken vvith you as I vvish'd by two or
three. But vvither my brother has got her, or what
is of my owne knowledge, I cannot say directly.

Squ. Hee ducks me to my face all this while. Well good-
day, Madame.

Fi. Tell my Lord I haue pers second Sonne. Doe's your
brick you?

Squ. I tell thee thou Thing, made up of
Candle-ends, and sitting of Sun cole,
to be.

Fi. My Lord, let him be mad by himselfe.

Squ. I will buy of you a little of that
to have kild a man; runn'd a
most dangerous compass that Law
men if I take him to suffer vnder my
hand.

Fi. I will buy of you a little of that
to have kild a man; runn'd a
most dangerous compass that Law
men if I take him to suffer vnder my
hand.

Squ. I will buy of you a little of that
to have kild a man; runn'd a
most dangerous compass that Law
men if I take him to suffer vnder my
hand.

Tri. What thinke you of your Brothers successe, now Ma-
dame?

Fi. Much the better, that is verie him to a Schrymle
mouth fellow.

who have appointed to meet before the Iudge of the Archdeacons Court present y, whither I have promised to bring, and will attend you.

Fit. But the other side must be summonsd by proccesse.

Tri. Sir *Philip* hath warning already *Madame*; and without needlesse proccesse will bee there before you, and wait your coming. So that my selfe and his servant, who have neuer beene both absent from one of your companies, since your Mariage, iustly deposing you neuer did the reallest Rite of Mariage, the bed office, *Madame*; y. u both consenting, and desiring a Diuorce, It is instantly graunted, without any proceedings in Law. So that all will be ended in three whippers. Ods pittie, looke who here is.

Act. V. Sc. V.

Enter *Squeeb* to *Fitchow*.

Squ. O are you here my Lady *Luckesse*?

Fit. Twas time you found me sir; you might ha' mistaken my name else. For within this houre, I might haue retum'd the ancient title of your friend, and *Awdrey Fitchow*.

Squ. Slow woe, where is my Neece?

Fit. Where are your wits sir? you come vpon me indeed! What Neece? What's the matter?

Squ. My Neece *Cenfiance*, that your brother *Widge* stole from the Doctor, and is slowne away withall. But hee must not thinke to scape so? I may take him, and his Duck too, in my Decoy, before they be coupled, as sure as your Ladiship, or your *Fitchow* ship, and they thinke your feloes.

Fit. Sure the old Gentleman is fallen mad. What hath happend?

Squ. The plot smels of your Ladiships policy; your Ladiships Lilly white silt is teule in the busines. But I will haue a bent at silticuffs in Law with your Ladyship: your great acquaintance, and alliance in the Whatfical Court *Now ob p. ante*. Your power there must not cary it, my great Lady. Directly it must not.

Fit. Your are an vncinill greasie Companion, to vpbraide and reuile me thus in my owne house.

Tri.

Tri. O good Madame, hurt not your selfe with anger
better laugh it out.

Fit. Hee mak's me forget my selfe by his example. Sir you
are a Commissioner for the Peace I take it. Do's it become a
Man of your place and gravity, to fly out in these extreames?
You spend too much breath in these lowd noates, very hurtfull
to the Lungs. If you will fall into a lower Key, and speake
peaceably, I will answere you.

Squ. I pray you, Forsooth, or sweet Madame, or what you
pleas; Where is my Neece?

Fit. Will you beleue mee sir? you may. Fortis Truth, as I
haue any; And before this vvorthy Gentleman; I neuer saw
your Neece in my life; only I haue heard shee is a pretty Gen-
tlewoman; likely to make a good Match, for vvhich I told my
brother of her, and vvould haue treated vvith you for her,
could I haue spoken vvith you as I vvish'd by two or
three Messiges. But vvhither my brother has got her, or wher
hee, or shee is of my owne knowledge, I cannot say directly.

Squ. Shee mocks me to my face all this while. Well good-
Wite, Mistress, Madame —

Fit. Well my Lord Innekee pers second Sonne: Do's your
Prorender prick you?

Squ. Prick Madame? Itell thee thou Thing, made vp of
Chippings, broken Beare, Candle-ends, and sifting of Sea cole.

Fit. Out you Curry-combe.

Tri. Forbeare sweet Lady, let him be mad by himselfe.

Squ. I will be to reueng'd —

Fit. How pray?

Squ. Hee had beene better to haue kild a Man; ranish'd a
Virgine; nay, done the most dangerous contempt that Law
could deuise to punish, then if I take him to suffer vnder my
reuenge.

Fit. Ha, ha, ha.

Squ. Ile muster vp my Constables, and send out a spry
search immediatly. — *Ex.*

Tri. What thinke you of your Brothers success, now Ma-
dame?

Fit. Much the better, that it vexes him to a Scirvy foule
mouth'd fellow.

Tri

The Northern Lasse.

Tri. Looke you now Madame. See who here comes.

All. V. *See.* VII.

Enter Widgine, Holdup, Howdes.

Wid. Sister fall downe, and adore me for my great atchieuement. *Humphrey* kneele downe to her that shee may dub thee for thy seruice. Neuer did the best nos'd Dogs, that euer were coach'd for their goodnesse, hunt more truely, take more branelly, and cary away more cleanelly, then we haue done this dainty peece of flesh here. Sister kisse her, and be better acquainted: shee is mine owne flesh, Ile vphold it.

Tri. Shee is a *Holdup* her selfe, if I mistake not her name.

Fit. Being your flesh brother, her nearest affinity of blood runs in my veines. Therefore with a sisters loue I embrace you, and bid you welcome.

Hold. Mine Vncle will by right wood I feare me. But Ile neare greet for that sir, while I haue your loue.

Fit. I know it is shee by her tongue, though I neuer heard her before. Nor euer feare sweet sister, wee shall be all friends shortly.

Hold. I would be glad and twere so.

Wid. Sister come hether. Now heare and admire my wit, as well as my Fortune, *Humphrey* come and take thy share of my sisters wonder.

How. I hope I perform'd my duty.

Wid. Which wee must not see vntrewarded sister.

Fit. No: I meane to giue him my Maid, and a hundred Marks with her, besides all shee has about her.

How. I am made for euer. I thanke your languishing Ladiship.

Fit. Well said *Howdes*: for my Ladiship is eene at the last gaspe. I am to bee Diuorc'd within this halfe houre. But your proceedings brother? How did shee receiue you at first?

Wid. O at first, shee was the prettieliest mad that ere you saw. You your selfe can not deuise to be so mad, as shee was.

Fit. I thanke you sir.

Wid. And all for sir *Phillip*, shee would loue none but sir *Phillip*, speake to none but sir *Phillip*. I told her I was sir *Phillip*

Is. (ah Godamercy *Humfrey*; that was thy intencion.) Then the litle Viper hang vpon me, not to be shak'd off, til I promis'd her Mariage, and to father a Child, which, in her distraction, shee conceited shee had by me. I promis'd her any thing; so tooke her into an inner roome, to make all sure, as well within as without; and I so phillipt her——

Fis. Enough brother, no more. I vnderstand you.

Wid. But I must haue more, and shall neuer haue enough on't. It passeth your vnderstanding and mine too, the delight of it. [*Sing*] *Oh what a delight shee gaue me.* And how light I am after it. *Heigh.* My pretty sweet Rascal.

Fis. Enough I say.

Wid. You doe not loze to heare on's, because you lack it. But you shall heare the Miracle it wrought siter. The Lasse of her Mayden head recouerd her wits. I made her right and streight in an instant. And now shee loues me in my owne person; knowes me for a *Widgins*, and will not giue her *Was* for the best sir *Philip* of them all. And longs for nothing but the Priest and Bed time. Ha my sweeter and sweeter I My Gonerour's gone for a Licence.

Fis. So, ha you done now?

Wid. Ile vndertake ——

Fis. Yet againe.

Wid. That *Humfrey*, and I with the tricks and trinkets, wee haue about vs will cure all the mad Maids of her standing in the Towne. And doe not thinke, but much may be gotten to professe it.

Tri. You haue made a large relation Master *Widgins*, and a pleasant, I doubt not.

Wid. Oh I could line and dye in this discourse sir.

Tri. Lady doe you thinke of the time?

Fis. I will instantly along vvith you. *Howdoo* come you vvith me. Brother, the search hath past this house already. You may goe in vvith your Sweet-heart, and stay here safely. Goe in, and keepe close, till I send to meet me at Supper.

Wid. In and in sisker, and be close enough, feare not—— *Ex.*

Fis. Now sir when you please.

Tri. I am your seruant Lady—— *Ex.*

The Northern Lass.

Act V. Sc. VIII.

Enter Traywell and Vexhem.

Vex. Mistress, I will goe no further in this businesse, then you haue limited me in your directions: 'twill be revenge enough for my disgrace to make him see his error.

Tra. Therefore be discreet and secret. The disguise hee is in I haue told you. The place is this. At the dore you shall leaue me. The houre 7 a clock.

Vex. Mistress, I will not watch more truly at Midnight, then I will pray for you for this Discouery. I will instantly call my priuy-search, guard, and catch a bird, of Iustice in the lime-twig of his owne Warrant. ——— *Exeunt.*

Act V. Scene IX.

Enter Nonsense and Beaus.

Nons. I tit not speak with Sir *Paule* then, it seemes, to know the reason why I am subdoodled thus, In I protest and vow a kind of Fooles Paradise.

Bea. Good sir beare your iniury with a Mans patience. Sir *Paule* will not be long absent. And till hee comes, my Mistress entreates you (for your owne good) to take his part vpon you, in giving entertainment to diuers of his friends, who are invited hither to a Feast to night.

Nons. Ha' you any Whirpots?

Bea. Much better meat sir. But here's the strangenesse of it; and the onely occasion that requires your ayde in the entertainment. This great Supper or feast (as I may properly call it) was appointed by Sir *Paule* himselfe, the money to buy the Provision d. liu'd by his owne hand, to his own Seryants, the Guests of his owne election; yet he, out of the multiplicity of crosse affaires, that haue happned this day, hath quite forgot that there was any such preparation, or any such meeting intended, as appeared evidently by his absence. But my Mistress has got all the meate privately made ready at the next house, on purpose that he should see nothing. ———

Nons. To try if he would forget it or no?

Bea.

The Northern Lass.

Ben. Right sir. I haue bidden all the Guests : and expect them immediately.

Non. But what must I say to 'hem?

Ben. Onely salute 'hem, bid 'hem welcome ; Tell 'hem Sir *Paul* was hastily call'd forth on his Majesties affaires ; Entreat their patience till his returne, vvhich you know will bee very sodaine, although you know not vvhether he is ; and so forth, as occasion serues. *Ent. Bulfinch and Clerk.*

Bul. Your Master abroad and not within say you?

Clea. Yes. But good sir stay his comming, I pray you, for his good.

Bul. I partly apprehend you at full. Mistress *Traynewell* appointed me to come too with all possible speed. *M. Nonfense* you are well apprehended.

Non. Onely salute 'hem, bid 'hem welcome. Tell 'hem Sir *Paul* was hastily call'd forth on his Majesties affaires. Entreat their patience till his returne, which you know vvhil bee very sodaine, although you know not vvhether he is. And so forth as occasion serues.

Bul. Loue has made you a Courtier. *M. Nonfense*

Non. No I protest and vow. I doe but speake as they say.—

Ben. What haue you said Sir?

Non. What you said I haue an ill *verbatim* else.

Ben. I said but the meaning of what you should say, and put it in your owne vvords.

Non. No sir. I will take your owne vvords for this matter.

Ben. I am beholden to you.

Clea. I am glad Fortune has sent one man of Civill government before the Roarers come. Here comes some of 'hem already. I'll downe and looke to the rest of the house.

Enter Lucklesse, Constance, disguis'd and Masqu'd.

Luc. Saue you sir. Are you the Worshipfull of the house?

Bul. I apprehend you sir.—

Luc. How sir? — *Draw.*

Bul. Mistake me not I beseech you. I apprehend you to be some great stranger here : because you know the place better then the Master of it.

Luc. You doe not mock me sir?

Ben. Sir, This is one of the Guests?

The Northern-Lasse.

Non. Oady salure 'hem. Bid 'hem vvelcome —

Luc. What's this?

Non. Tell 'hem Sir *Paul* vvas hastily call'd forth on his *Mis-
celliesaffaires* —

Luc. Is this a Parrat or a Poppingay?

Non. Entreat their patience till his return, which you know.

Luc. Doe you know vvhath you say sir?

Non. Will be very sodaine, although you know not where
hee is —

Luc. If I did I vould not seeke him here sir.

Non. And so forth as occasion serues.

Luc. This is some inchaunted Place, and the people are
charm'd. I haue mistaken the house sure.

Enter *Tridewell* and *Fitchew* disguis'd and Masqu'd.

Tri. Where's this hospitable Knight that invites Strangers. I
meane more Strangers, that hee knowes not. Shew me the Lad
of bounty, I hanger not for his Supper as I doe to salure him.

Luc. Hee vwill proue the greatest stranger here himsele I
thinke, for he is not at home sir. I am a Guest as you are, and
vwould be as glad to see him.

Tri. He dos not meane to iearre vs dos he?

Bia. I beseech you mistake not so his purpose sir: which is
faire vvelcome, and good cheare to you all. Therefore Gen-
tlemen and Ladies, vwill it please you to enterraine one another
a while. [Enter *Clark* vwith Sack and Tobacco.] Look yee.
Here's good Sack, and good Tobacco. And before the rest of
the Guests be co ne, Sir *Paul* vwill be here himsele.

Luc. This fellow speaks.

Enter *Ann*, *Widg.* *Holdup*, and *Howdee* disguis'd.

Bul. As I am a Iustice of Peace I cannot apprehend, and yet
me thinks I doe. What sort of people these Gentlemen may
be. See: more I Is sir *Paul* turn'd swaggerer? Or is his house
abus'd by servants? I vwill not leaue it, vntill they goe out be-
fore meelike a *layle deliury*. They looke like men betwixt a
Repriue and Pardon. Friend: Are these sir *Paul*s elected
friends?

Bea. His protected friends sir.

Bul. Protected?

Bea. I sir. There is a fraternity of them: The brothers of
the

The Northern Lasse.

the *Protell*. There's not a man of 'hem, but has all *Mayors*, *Sheriffes*, *Bayliffes*, *Sergeants at Mace*, *Marshalls men*, *Constables*, and other his *Majesties Officers*, in a Combeise in his pocket. They are a Generation that never eate but in Parliament time, and now every table is full of them.

Bul. I should wonder what they did here else. See. A roeing Doctor too, broke out o' the Kings Bench.

Enter *Paul* like a Doctor.

Pa. By your leave Gallants. I perceine your Company is not yet full.

Tri. Are you of the invited fir?

Pa. It is not to be doubted fir. Yet a Voluntary. But there are some without that are more then invited, yet come against their wills.

Luc. How meane you M. Doctor?

Pa. Brought fir by a Constable and Officers, to be examin'd. Where's the iolly Iustice?

Tri. What are they can ye tell fir?

Pa. A Gentlewoman, and a Spaniard.

An. A Spaniard, Ha:

Pa. I, a Spaniard, Ha: if you will haue it so:

Luc. If we had but a Iustice among vs to Examine 'hem, it might passe the time well till fir *Paul* came.

Ben. Sir, here is a Iustice, and for the same purpose too for ought we know, that shall not refuse to doe it, and in fir *Pauls* Gowne and Cap too.

Luc. This is a witty fellow.

Ben. Sir, you cannot doe a more acceptable office for your friend, then to execute his place in his absence. Your authority makes you capable of it; and I doe the rather perswade it, because the Gentlemen whom you wisely suspect for loose persons, may see some example of Iustice; which may prevent some present euill in their stay here.

Bul. I apprehend you friend. Giue mee the Gowne and Chayre, and let the Delinquents approach. *Paul, vmb.*

Luc. 'Tis a Spaniard indeede.

Enter *Voxhem*, *Squatch*, like a Spaniard, *Trayn*, *Churk*.

Fox. An English Spaniard fir. And therefore the verier knowe,

knaue: as will bee prou'd I doubt not, to his shame, and my renowne in the Common wealth. By your Worships leave.

Bul. What newes bring you M. Constable?

Vex. Spanish newes sir. Will please your Worship to examine the vertue of my Warrant, and then these Persons accordingly?

Sqn. Very good! I am brought before my selfe to bee examin'd, and before a fine rable too! how the deuill brok this vnkowne Nation into my house, or doe not I mistake it? My foolery has led me into a fine predicament. I will not yet disclose my selfe: but looke a little further towards the event.

Bul. Are you a Spaniard sir?

Sqn. Such a one as you see Signior.

Bul. See Signior. Hee speaks nothing but Spanish. The question will be how we shall vnderstand this Examinant.

Sqn. Hey day!

Bul. I do see Signior I thanke the light, that you are a goodly man of outward parts, and except it were the black Knight himselfe, or him with the Fistula, the properest man I haue seene of your Nation. They are a People of very spare dyer, I haue heard, and therefore seldome fat. Sure you you haue had most of your breeding in this Countrey, the dyet whereof you like better then your owne, which makes you linger here, after all your Country men, vpon some vntoward plot. And I shall wonder therefore how you can speake no English. Can you speake no English at all sir? Answer me I pray.

Sqn. Not an English word not I sir. Alasse I haue not been five dayes in the Kingdome.

Luc. This is excellent!

Tri. I, peace You'll marre all if you laugh.

Bul. Alasse, what shall wee doe then? Gentlemen, haue any of you any Spanish, to helpe mee to vnderstand this strange Stranger?

Tri. Not a Riall sir not I.

Luc. Nor a Rialls worth amongst vs of any Language but sheere English.

Bul. What Shiere of our Nation is next to Spaine? Perhaps he may vnderstand that Shiere English.

Tri. Demonsiire or Cornwall sir.

Non.

Nes. Neuer credie me, but I will spowe some Cornish at him.
Peden bras vidne whee bis crogat.

Squ. Am I transform'd vterly? Is my Language alter'd with my apparell, or are you all mad? what vnspokeable misery is this.

Bull. I see we shall neuer vnderstand, nor doe good on him, till hee be instructed in the English tongue.

Vex. And please your worship, the best Vniuersity for this purpose will be *Bridewell*. I am acquainted with the best Tutors there, Master *Cleanewhip*, Master *Dri-lash*, and diuers others.

Squ. You olicious Rascall, are you mad?

Vex. No such matter sir. But in my right mind, and *Middlesex* feare it not.

Bull. It must be so. His instruction will cost litle there, if hee be not too old to learne. Therefore set him by, and let mee fall vp-on the Gentlewoman.

Vex. Oh, hee's rarely vext.

Bull. Now Gentlewoman, will it please you to be vnmasqu'd.

Tra. Yes sir looke you, I dare shew my face.

Bull. Mistris *Trainewell*, as I apprehend.

Omnis. Mistris *Trainewell*.

Squ. *Trainewell*!

Tra. Euen these Gentlemen, as I will more circumstantially reueale vnto you presently, after a word or two with my fellow prisoner, for which I craue your fauour.

Bull. With all my heart, so you can speake Spanish and make him vnderstand you.

Tra. You see I am not the Woman you tooke me for: but one ordain'd for your greater good. If you will giue me my present demand, I will turne all your disgrace into laughter; make you of worthier esteeme now at the instant, then euer you were, by the generall approbation of these, and all that know you beside. Your Neece too shall be restor'd to your owne liking, and all shall be as well as you can wish. Otherwise, if you haue a mind to bee euerlastingly sham'd, by being perpetually laught at, take your owne courle, Ile take mine.

Squ. I am astonish'd. What is your Demand?

Tra. Whereas your purpose was to make a Whore. Make me your honest Wife; no more. Bee sodaine in your resolue, all will be naught else.

Squ. I am in a mischieuous streight then. *Redime te captum.* Thy wit deterues my loue. Ile do't; here's my hand and faith, Ile

knaue: as will bee prou'd I doubt not, to his shame, and my renowne in the Common wealth. By your Worships leave.

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Squ. You call him *Rasfall*, do you not?

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Thy wit deserues my loue. Ile do't; here's my hand and faith, Ile
doe.

do't. Then art mine, and I am thine directly.

Tra. Then hearke you sir.

Tri. Sir what will you say, if this Gentlewoman conuerthe Spaniard, turne him true English subiect, and present him to you with the oaths of *Alegiance, & Supremacie* in his mouth presently?

Bull. I will say, she deteines for euer hereafter to hold her peace.

Tra. Now beare vp sir. Looke confidently, and say, you put on your Disguise purposely to intertaine disguised Guests. Come a-uant with your Picca de goat, and beginne with the Iustice here.

Squ. Thou hast made me a Man for euer, and I will make thee a Woman directly. Gallants saue you. See here the *Metamorphosis*, that meanes to metamorphose you all. Alas I know you for all your Disguises, and thought to intertaine you in your kind.

Omnes. Sir *Paul Squeeleh*!

Squ. First out of you, my Vsurper, and most Vpstarrical Iustice, whose office is your trade, and Clarke your Rix nicke, I will draw a man of litle, or no Moment: yet my friend, and Master *Bulfinch*, out of the Chaire of Iustice. This my prognosticate the putting of my selfe, or many others out of Commission within these few yeares; though I am no Prophet. Doe I speak English now? Doe I know you now, or you me?

Bull. Questionlesse, we should know one another sir *Paul*: or else one of vs two were both very ignorant.

Squ. To proceed in my *Metamorphosis*. I will change your most confus'd Roarer, into an accomplisht Knight. And bid you welcome, noble sir *Phillip Lucklesse*.

Luc. Like the change well, and thanke you sir.

Squ. Next sir of you Roarer, or Lieter, or whatsoeuer you are, I will make a compleat Gentleman, most answerable to your name. Master *Tridwell*. *Tri.* Very well sir.

Squ. But out of you Master Doctor, I will pick a certaine Knave. Where is my Neece sir?

Pa. Which of your Nieces sir?

Squ. Haue I so many sir? I meane my only one *Constance*, find her me, or I will translate you out of an *Esculapian* Cocke into a *Newgott* Bird immediately.

Wid. Sir if you will *Metamorphose* me out of a Bachelor, into a Bridegroom, Ile shew you your Neece.

Squ. This my Neece?

Vex. O haue I found you Mistris? Sir this is the Gentlewoman I brought before your worship to day.

Squ.

Squ. Hold thy peace; art in thy right mind?

Vex. As I am in my right mind and *Middlesex*, it is the fir-
had not matter enough then to lay to her charge; for which I
thanke your worship I kist *Norgate*. But now I have sir, she has
left a Child upon our Parish, I am sure got by an unknowne fa-
ther; and has beene a loose liuer; both at *Duke Hamfryes*, and
most of the winked at houses about the Towne these four years:
which I can sufficiently prove.

Squ. Hold thy peace Knaue. Ile put these plums iⁿ thy mouth
else

Hold. Sir, my Child shall trouble your Parish no longer, here
is a Father, my troth plight Husband, sufficient to keepe it and
me, wilt thou not Duck?

Wid. Duck? my name is *Widgine*, you mistake the man sure.

Hold. Sure I doe not. This Gentleman, and this Gentlewo-
man, and this trusty Seruant of ours are my witnasses, I am your
Wife sir.

Wid. O I am undone, quite cast away. Sister helpe mee now
with your Law wit, or I perish for euer.

Fis. This is not to bee endured: cheating, and vile abuse. This
contract can not bee lawfull. One person mistaken for another, a
lawfull impediment to be diuorc'd for, though they were married.

Tri. It might doe well if (as hee confesses himselfe) he had not
made all too sure, as well within as without.

Squ. Sir *Phillip*, while they wrangle out their cause, I be-
gree: Find you but the meanes to make her lawfully your Wife,
and here take her with my faithfull promise, of the equall halfe of
my estate presently.

Luc. Sir *Paul* I thanke you.

Fis. I say this is no lawfull contract: And though we are le-
gally diuorc'd, yet neither he nor I, may lawfully marry, while we
both liue, hauing beene lawfully married. And till you can dis-
proue that, sir Ile forbid your Banes good sir *Phillip*, and lay your
hopes a cooling, friendly Master *Tridwell*, for your loue in mana-
ging this businesse.

Tri. Lady giue me leaue, if I haue strayn'd a point of friend-
ship, it was your loue gaue the strength to my wit. *Fis.* My loue?

Tri. Your loue indeed Lady. Which (and which *Cupid* par-
don me for) now, that I see I may enjoy, I am not so eagerly ta-
ken with, yet if you will—

Fis. Sir you cannot enjoy me, not he her, lesse you can disproue

the lawfulness of our former Marriage.

Tri. To cleare that point, doe you know the Minister?

Fis. Tis not so long since, but I can remember his face.

Tri. Then to continue sir *Pauls* Metamorphosis? He draw him out of this Doctor. Is not this hee?

Discoyours Parake a Parson.

Fis. It is. But is not hee a lawfull Minister? I would know that.

Pate. To cleare that doubt there lyes my Order of Priesthood.

Omnes. Who, *Oliver*! ——— *Throws off his Disguise.*

Pate. Euen hee, the Parson *Nochurch*, and this my Patron, whom I must beseech together with the whole company, to preferue me out of the high Commission: for looke you, here is againe your Licence. *Fis.* Would you doe this *Master Tridewell*?

Tri. Faith I foresaw an vntowardnesse in the Match: which if you repent the breach of, there's your Licence; and the way to Church lyes before you. *Fis.* No sir. First get my brother free

of his contract, and then a Licence with your owne name, and Ile waite on you to Church, as soone as you will. *Tri.* O that's done already. What are you agreed?

Wid. Most happily sir, sister alls well againe. I haue giuen her a hundred pound to relinquish her right in me. Which afore all these witnesses you doe; doe you not?

Hol. Yes most freely. *Wid.* Well then, I will not forswear to marry, But if euer I steale a Wife againe, let her be a witch, and may I burn with her for company. *Gouernour*, thou art out of countenance, and thou too honest *Humsrey*, me thinkes.

Come beare vp. I forgiue. Twas your errors, not malice.

Hol. Sir for my part, ile take my corporall oath ———

Wid. It shall not need good *Humsrey*.

An. And for me sir ———

Wid. Nay, I dare not but beleeue thee before thou speakest *Gouernour*: therefore prithee lets not talke on't our selues, but quietly, and presently beginne our travels,

that we may heare no body else talke on't. *Squ.* Gentlemen and Ladies, I see you all at peace so well, that I wish no further content to any, except *Master Nonsense* here. *Nons.* Neuer credit me, but I

haue had sport enough o' conscience, and if I doe not make a Stage play on't, when I come into *Cornewall*: I protest and vow then say there was *Nonsense* in this. *Squ.* I am glad you conclude so

trendly with the rest. All the vnquietnesse will be in the Kitchen presently If your meat stay for you. Gallants. *Knock within.* I was time to speake. They knock at Dresser already. Will yee in?

*You are all welcome; And I wish every Guest
as merry, as our Northern Ladies Feast.*

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